

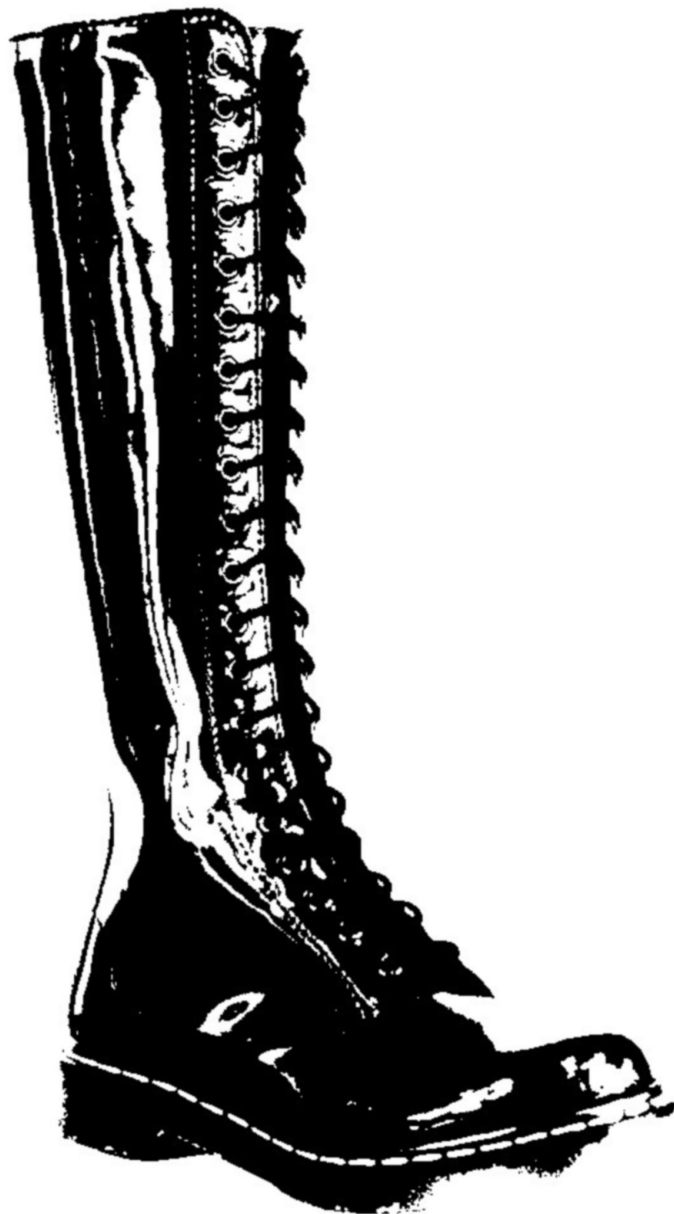
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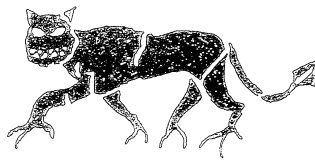
Journal of Satanism and the Sinister



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O.N.A
FENRIR

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ISSUE II / 124 YEAR OF FAYEN

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*A young woman dressed in a sky blue hijab is standing in a desert.
On her dress, embroidered in silver, is the constellation of Orion.*

*Cast around her in the sand are six small globes, each glowing with a planetary colour.
She holds a sphere, glowing with the colours of Mars, in her right hand.
Above her, the sky is turning towards dusk.
From the sky, a falcon dives.*

*On the horizon some buildings stand destroyed and on fire.
Wreckage of vehicles lies strewn nearby.
Above the destruction, a black opening in the sky is forming, revealing a star.*

INTRODUCTION

NEXIONS, EVIL AND BLASPHEMY

‘The true satanist must therefore transcend his own limitations in the causal, physical world to make direct contact and identify with this suprapersonal sphere of acausal, sinister forces in the cosmos. Access to the acausal realm is provided through “nexions,” gates or angles on the Tree of Wyrð, which provide the name of the order. These nexions are created by evil acts and blasphemous rituals.’ - excerpt from *Black Sun: Aryan Cults, Esoteric Nazism and the Politics of Identity* by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, New York University Press, 2003

In regard to the above-referenced quote, taken from the book referenced and present in the chapter title ‘Nazi Satanism and the New Aeon’ which primarily centers around discussion of the ONA, the point that should be most emphasized, in regard to nexions, are that *these nexions are created by evil acts and blasphemous rituals*. Though Goodrick-Clarke is approaching this conclusion from an academic study of the ONA, and notwithstanding that his scholarship on this very subject has proven to be faulty at times, in this case, at least, we can unequivocally state that he has hit the nail directly on the head.

Much as leaves fall from the trees quite naturally during the oncoming of the autumnal season (and can fall faster and in more profuse number should the tree be shaken) we have seen that within the passing of this last alchemical season of eorthe there has been, within the ONA, a march toward the exit door (and in some cases that march has been at double-time pace) by those pseudo-‘nexions’ and those pathetic pretenders who, in their inherently mundane way, supported the same. Some have fallen, naturally, while others have been shaken to the figurative ground and, appropriately, in the spirit of purge, decimated.

Make no mistake about it - nexions *are* created by evil acts and blasphemous rituals. Without these necessary ingredients then there simply is no nexion, no opening of a rent in the causal through which particular energies - energies of the Dark Imperium, energies of the Abyss and energies of our Dark Gods - can enter into our world. To think otherwise shows an inherent lack of esoteric insight, such esoteric insight being absolutely essential to even attempt the opening of a real, living nexion - a gateway to the Abyss itself - which will often require many, many years, many decades or even a causal lifetime to bring into fruition.

To think that simply by utilising, without any esoteric insight towards such an undertaking whatsoever, the term ‘nexion’ - out of its ONA context - without study of the associated texts necessary to understand, quite plainly, what is a nexion, is, from an ONA perspective, nearly an outrage. To think that simply by mimicking the actions of others, certain of these others, perhaps (and probably) more well-informed and, in fact, members of an actual Inner ONA, that one will, without esoteric insight, without being a real Satanist, a genuinely evil Satanist, by mimicry, alone, somehow become actual Inner ONA is fallacious across the board.

The opening of a nexion into the Acausal is literally and intrinsically the stuff of legend. It is those sort of nexions, those sort of portals opening to other worlds that are spoken about in reference to Avalon (rendered Ynys Afallon in the Welsh tongue) of the British Isles, as one example only. In consideration of the fact that it has been posited by scholars (despite

the attempt to white-wash the history of those old practices based on oral tradition coming down from antiquity by some) that the ancient Celts were addicted to human sacrifice, as evidenced by archeological findings from the unearthing of mass graves (1) or strange burial arrangements resultant from such sacrifice (2), it leaves little to the imagination as to the methods and means by which such portals were opened.

ONA is issuing, herein, a petition amongst Sinister adherents for the establishment of traditional nexions - not simply 'traditional' in the sense that they do not resemble those somewhat recently removed blights, those 'nexions' in name only that seemed to proliferate for a time by the pretenders yet always disappear, always go 'dark' or remove themselves (if not, in fact, forcibly removed, by a hidden hand) or whatever other excuse may have been proffered at the slightest provocation. These are the sorts who attempt (in vain) to climb to the top of the Sinister Tree under clearly false pretenses and then drop like a rock once exposed - full of blame and spite. The type of people who flourish in mediocre environments, but once the edges are sharpened, so to speak, fall like the chaff that they are.

ONA is issuing a petition, again, for the establishment of traditional nexions - not simply 'traditional' in that they practice (or attempt to practice) Sinister Chant, that they start painting, stop painting for a time and then decide to re-paint their own Sinister Tarot - who utilise all their bombast centered around their 'art' and so-called 'balobian' nature as an excuse not to do the necessary to bring the Dark Gods onto this earth and take their place as terrestrial devils in the Dark Imperium. ONA in fact desires and as such exhorts Sinister adherents to establish traditional nexions - traditional in the sense that they are, in fact, created by evil acts and blasphemous rituals and that they resemble those legendary portals opening to other worlds and, importantly, who utilise those non-negotiable means and methods for the opening of such nexions that the Dark Gods themselves demand. Who among you, those truly dark, will answer this clarion call?

ONA

September 22nd, 124 YEAR OF FAYEN

Notes:

1. As in Gaul (France), the region of Belgae chieftdom, excavated by Jean-Louis Brunaux.

HANGSTERS GATE

Winter came early to the Shropshire town: a cold wind with brief hail that changed suddenly to rain to leave a damp covering of mist.

An old man in an old cart drawn by a sagging pony crossed himself as he saw Yapp shuffle by him along the cobbled lane toward the entrance to the Raven Inn. It was warm, inside the ancient Inn, but dark from fire and pipe smoke, and Yapp took his customary horn of free ale to sit alone on his corner bench by the log fire. The silence that had followed his entrance soon filled, and only one man still stared at him.

The man was Abigail's husband, and he pushed his cap back from his forehead before moving toward Yapp. His companions, dressed like him in their work clothes, tried to restrain him, but he pushed them aside. He reached Yapp's table and kicked it aside with his boot.

Slowly Yapp stood up. He was a wiry man and seemed insubstantial beside the bulk of Abigail's husband.

"Wha you been doin? To her!" Abigail's husband clenched his fists and moved closer.

Yapp stared at him, his unshaven face twitching slightly, and then he smiled.

"I canna move! I canna move!" shouted Abigail's husband.

Yapp smiled again, drank the rest of his ale and walked slowly toward the door.

"I be beshrewed!" the big man cried among the silence.

Yapp turned to him, made a gesture with his hand and left the Inn as Abigail's husband found himself able to move.

No one followed Yapp outside.

A carriage and pair raced past him as he walked down the lane. The young lady inside, heading for the warmth and comfort of Priory Hall was alarmed at seeing him and turned away. This pleased him, as the prospect of the walk to his cottage, miles distant, pleased him – for it was the night of Autumnal Equinox.

The journey was not tiresome, and he enjoyed the walk, the mist and darkening sky that

came with the twilight hour. The moon would be late to rise, and he walked briskly. Soon, he was above the town and at the place where the three lanes met. His own way took him down, past the small collection of cottages, almshouses and a church, toward the wooded precincts of Yarchester Hall. He stopped, once, but could not see the distant summit of Brown Clee Hill where he had possessed Abigail.

It had been a long ride back in the wind and the rain, but the horses had been strong, almost wild, and he smiled in remembrance, for that night Abigail has warmed his bed.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they might go to Raven's Seat. It would be all over by then, for another seventeen years. No one would stop or trouble them.

His way lead into the trees, along a narrow path, down the Devil's Dingle to Hangster's Gate and the clearing. There was nothing in the clearing – except the mist-swathed gibbet with its recent victim swinging gently in the breeze. He would need the hand, and with practiced care, he unsheathed his knife to stretch and cut the dead man's left hand away.

Less than a day old, the body had already lost its eyes to ravens.

It was not far from the clearing to his cottage, and he walked slowly, every few moments stopping to stand and listen. There was nothing, no sound – except a faint sighing as the breeze stirred the trees around. A lighted candle shone from the one small window of his cottage. It was a sign, and he stopped to creep down and glimpse inside. There were voices inside and as he looked he saw Abigail standing near a young man. He saw her draw the youth toward her and place his hand on her breast. Heard her laughing; saw her kiss the youth and press her body into his. Then she was dancing around him, laughing and singing as she stripped her clothes away to lay naked and inviting on the sphagnum moss that formed the mattress of Yapp's bed. Then the youth was upon her, struggling to wrest himself from his own clothes.

Yapp heard people approaching along the track and he stood up to hear Abigail's cries of ecstasy. He waited, until they reached him and they all heard Abigail climax with a scream. The he was inside the cottage, with the others around him. The youth was surprised and tried to stand and Yapp stood aside to let them pin him down on the hard earth floor of the cottage.

An old woman in a dirty bonnet gave a toothless laugh – Abigail laughed, even Yapp laughed as the tall blacksmith tore out the youth's heart. The was a pail for some of the blood.

Abigail was soon dressed, the body taken away and she led Yapp and the old woman through the trees to another clearing. The moon was rising, the blood was fresh and she took the severed hand from Yapp to dip it in the blood and sprinkle their sacred ground to propitiate their Dark Goddess Baphomet.



Rubicon

BALEFUL LIVING

For those who have been following the Sinister Path for several decades or more there is no question as to the efficaciousness of the methods outlined by the Order of Nine Angles as it relates to the pursuance of the same. No crises of faith, no existential dilemmas as to whether or not choosing the path less trodden is correct or incorrect, no flights of fancy or states of indecision when a new, trend-driven, supposedly “LHP” formula comes along billing itself as the quick and easy fast-track to “darkness” - those referenced “formulae” and associated “needful accoutrements”, of course, available on a pay-to-play basis from those so producing.

The few that have applied themselves - and “few” should be emphasized here - even for only several years - along a legitimate, personal, Sinister Quest, involving as it does enacting evil in the real-world, engaging in tangible, physical ordeals, involving oneself in illegality, pursuing and succeeding in self-overcoming, more often than not applied in a profoundly hard and exacting fashion, will, in fact, have no qualms as to the path that they have chosen, much less thoughts as to potential recourse. If anything, there will be a grim realisation that they have, by following the path of the ONA - to whatever degree - yet, needfully vigorously - gone past the point of no return. Their lives, once mundane, have been, and irrevocably so, imbued with that which is Satanic, that which is Sinister, that which is, in both inspiration and effect, baleful.

Through their own, individual, acts of Satanic striving against the mundane limits put before them, through their own and more often than not trauma-laden pursuance of Sinister agendas, Sinister goals, the Sinister adherent will have pushed themselves above and beyond any status of life that would have been had, regularly, sans the path outlined by the ONA and thus, whatever regrets might blossom in the mind, from time to time, the reality of their Sinister quest - what has been done - and what, indeed, remains to be done - will be the stark reality which presents itself excluding all else. For these few, legitimate, Daughters of Baphomet, mundanity is, simply, no longer an option.

Any adherent of the ONA Way, if such are, in fact, vigorously pursuing the same, will, after only a few years time (and even for the most fanatic, less than that) have, that is to say, be possessing within themselves, the rudimentary foundation of a new type of being - an iron, calculating and mission-driven living entity that will naturally, by the very dint of their nature, bring about those certain scenarios, situations, atmospheres and arenas of action which will demand a shift toward a Sinister direction by anyone who comes into contact with them, regardless of their seeming willingness or unwillingness toward whatever purpose is implicitly or explicitly put forward. The genuine Sinister shape-shifter is irresistible in their influence, unavoidable as to consequence in their dealings with the mundanes - this type of irresistible cross-contaminant nature of the Sinister adherent and their various machinations are only had by the wilfully and defiantly fanatic, by dint of the arduous and on-the-ground nature of their actions in pursuance of the Sinister Dialectic.

For, there is no great mystery, in fact, as to that sound and marked demarcation between the doers and the do-nothings. The do-nothings will continually ensconce themselves in excuses, prolonged absences and inertia - and oftentimes cite “esoteric” reasoning for such inertia and absences, such citations and excuses being as flimsy, in fact, as their alleged, and similarly flimsy, “dedication” to their pursuance of the Sinister. The do-nothings will be observed to persistently take shelter in the what they assume are the “esoteric” details of the ONA and the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, without, however, engaging in the type of real-

world and decidedly concrete action-oriented deeds which are, in fact, the non-negotiable building blocks of any esoteric insight whatsoever.

For those who are the doers, those who eschew the inertia of the do-nothings with their erroneous perception of the ONA Way as an intellectual abstraction to be leisurely considered and instead approach the ONA Way as a dynamic path toward unleashing their own Baeldraca (1), thus via their own actions, sometimes spontaneous, oftentimes calculated, inducing and engineering situations of threat, of severe menace and indeed palpable destruction against the Magian infrastructure and superstructure and the mundanes who prop up the same - through both Causal and Acausal Terror (2) - for these few engaged in such decidedly baleful living, such balocraft, such profound involvement with the ONA Way will, in fact, become their ultimate, and veritably, life-long, investment. For these baleful few, commitment and dedication is no longer a question, but rather, a statement of stark realism, set in granite, and propitiated with blood.

“Build not upon sand but upon rock. And build not for today or yesterday but for all time.”
- Black Book of Satan (3)

Jall, ONA

Notes:

(1) “The essence of our sinister Internal Magick is Copula cum Daemone, in either the literal sense of joining with certain acausal entities, or in the psychic sense of nurturing, releasing, and joining with one's inner Baeldraca to thus become a causal-dwelling (but still mortal) sinister changeling. In the case of one's Baeldraca, the joining is begun by the rite of sinister Initiation, nurtured by the journey to External Adept, released by the Rite of Internal Adept, and fully joined (re-united) with one's causal being by a successful Passing of The Abyss.

In the literal sense, the joining with certain acausal entities can be done in several ways. First, by invoking them, through Dark Sorcery, into one's own self. Second, by evoking them and then, again through Dark Sorcery, having a candidate (a mortal, willing or unwilling) be a host for the entity so evoked. Third, by opening a collocation of nine physical nexions and recalling The Dark Gods back to our causal realm.

A simple example of the first kind is the working with the pathways on the Tree of Wyrd (qv. Naos). An example of the second kind is The Ceremony of Recalling, as given in The Grimoire of Baphomet. A fictional account of such presencings of such acausal entities is given in Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet, and in the three stories, Jenyah, Sabirah, and In The Sky of Dreaming.” - *Sinister Demonology*, ONA, 122 Year of Feyen

“Some will even consider themselves "adepts", and start pontificating (often at great and turgid length) about esoteric matters - rather than getting on and being sinister, in the real world. It is being a Baeldraca, in the real world - in the world of mundanes - that matters: terrifying them, changing their world, inciting others, and Presencing The Dark.

As I wrote recently, our people, our type, are those who already possess an embryonic sinister-changeling within themselves or who possess the potential to be able to alchemically create one within themselves: both have to work hard, for many years, to nurture that inner changeling, and give it birth in the acausal darkness within and then let their Baeldraca loose upon this causal world.” - Anton Long, *Baeldraca: From Causal to Acausal Terror*, 121 Year of Feyen

“The Way is there, and is open to all. What are you doing to progress? And why should anyone care about what some other people are or are not doing? You'll never unleash your baeldraca upon the world whilst mired in the quicksand of pretense and historicity.” - Jack MacLeod in a private ONA discussion forum, August 5th, 124yf

(2) “But perhaps most easy of all is the insemination, and thence the release of, the Baeldraca within our own sinister kind and from those whom we can and should assimilate into our kollektive, so that such Earth-born dark entities, incubated by us, can seep in ever increasing numbers out and into the world of mundanes, bringing forth from their sinister deeds a practical and ever-increasing presencing of our acausal terror.” - Anton Long, *Baeldraca: From Causal to Acausal Terror*, 121 Year of Feyen

(3) Conrad Robury, *21 Satanic Statements, Black Book of Satan*, ONA

THE DARK LEGACY OF THE ONA

It is not surprising in the slightest, that amongst the milieu of the “occult” world in general, and within those demographics claiming to be “Satanists” or some variation thereof, specifically, that there seems to be fewer and fewer individuals who even will attempt - however slightly - even if through posturing alone - to connect themselves - however ephemeral such a connection may be - with the Order of Nine Angles and the associated diverse traditions (Traditional Satanism, the Septenary System and the Rounwytha tradition) of which the ONA is, and remains, the sole inheritor. The answer to this mystery, like many, in fact, is, and not so surprisingly so, simple – and, as such, speaks volumes both about the ONA itself as well as those claiming themselves to be Sinister, and falsely so, at that. Those latter whom, however, despite the unquestionably documented legacy and decades-long expansive lifespan of the Order thus far seem to, and, conveniently so, fail to put themselves solidly, one-foot-in-front-the-other, onto the highway to hell.

Through the passage of time, particularly in these four decades or more since the establishment of the ONA itself (and what to speak of the deucedly longer legacy of those several groups, ever working in secret, operating according to oral tradition, from which the ONA was so sinisterly spawned), there has apparently been an observably and marked decline in the sort of qualified human resources whom, by their innate and inherent quality in and of itself, possess that sort of fanatical drive, that willingness to undergo Satanic testing, as brutal as it may sometimes be, those that fail to possess that demonic and unshakeable determination to move forward, and incessantly so, again and again, pushing themselves toward ever more challenging (and, as such, dangerous) vistas of human experience. For, in fact, it is indeed that incessant striving, itself, that willingness to cross the line - again and again - defiant against the laws of society, the laws of the land, against moral restraints of whatever stripe and defiant, most assuredly and most assuredly so concrete in fashion, against whomever and whatever would stand in their way - that marks the innately-possessed traits that are, in fact, non-negotiably prerequisite for the emergence of that specific type, that super-empowered individual whom, through the tried and true methodology of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, will, in due course of time and development, become the future Dark Gods of a future, and exceedingly Dark, Imperium.

In regards to the Dark Legacy of the ONA, there has been posited by one Scott Liddell, within the concourse of private exchanges on a restricted ONA discussion forum, several indicators that one possible blueprint exists, in fact (and however many more, those which are not so documented, still ensconced in shadow, one can only guess) concerning an example of that specific type aforementioned, that classic, that hard ONA member who, as it were, is, in fact, and has, in fact, been “doing the needful” and, through such doing, providing the necessary “footprints in the sand”, as the case may be, for those ever-striving, those ever-defiant and ever-boundary-pushing individuals of innate quality who themselves are desirous of crossing the line, those who are desirous of submerging themselves in those veritable Lakes of Fire from which the foundations of Hell itself are forged. As such, verbatim, we submit to you, those along the ONA Way, the following:

“The ‘classic’ ONA was promoted by - pushing the 7FW, practical ordeals, tests & japes; advocating culling; propagating & inciting terrorism & extremism & indulging in crime; advocating causing mayhem, doing evil, in the real world; and advocating an adversarial Satanism.

The ‘internet’ ONA added stuff like 9ers, Dreccs, Balobians, etc. But the main ONA

blogs etc. still promoted the above.

In the case of proof, two points need making. First, unless people are going to go public, or get exposed in the media, then there's never going to be any proof of how really ONA a person is. So discussion about who is or isn't really ONA, on the internet & between anonymous people - and asking for proof - is a waste of time. Unless someone wants to go public and has a proven, a documented, track record.

Which brings me to the second and most important point. DM, with the assumption that DM = AL. Given he's the founder of the ONA and he's a public figure, how does he measure up? What does the public record show?

He's certainly propagated & incited terrorism & extremism & indulged in crime. He certainly caused mayhem during his neo-nazi years. If we accept - as the mainstream media does - that he was Copeland's mentor (read: sinisterly manipulated him) then he's responsible for three deaths (cullings) and causing hundreds of injuries. Ditto in respect of Hamas and Al Qaeda - his links are documented. How many deaths did he personally as Abdul Aziz, or his writings, or both inspire or cause?

You also have to ask why he was arrested in 1998 - a year before Copeland's bombs and before he 'converted' to Islam - for incitement and conspiracy to murder. Again, his arrest is a matter of public record, even down to the name of the officer who arrested him. He must have been doing something serious to get arrested for incitement and conspiracy to murder - & not by his local police, but by an elite unit from Scotland Yard.

Regardless what we personally think of Wikipedia, their articles require a high standard of proof - i.e. credible mainstream sources. So what impression - that word again - does the Wikipedia article about Myatt give?

Does it give the impression of the archetypal ONA person? I'd say, yes it does - until 2009, at least. Or even unto today if we buy into the idea which I posted a link about of 2009 being Myatt having found wisdom by following the 7FW to its end, and so as Mage returning to what is remarkably similar to the way of the rounwytha.

Also, there's probably a lot about Myatt's life that isn't publicly known, yet. Like what was he doing in Iraq in 2000, the year before the invasion. Was his time as a monk really an insight role? What was he doing in northern Ireland during "the troubles" and was Column 88 - Myatt's involvement is a matter of public record - really part of NATO's clandestine Gladio paramilitary network?

How does he measure up in terms of physical fitness, of playing the star game, and performing esoteric chant? Mainstream sources describe him as a "martial arts expert" and being involved with the paramilitary C88. He invented the star game. He spent two years performing daily chant in a monastery.

So there appears to be an archetypal, the classic, a hard, ONA member to inspire the current ONA and for ONA people & their propaganda to emulate in terms of practical deeds."

FEEDING THE GODS



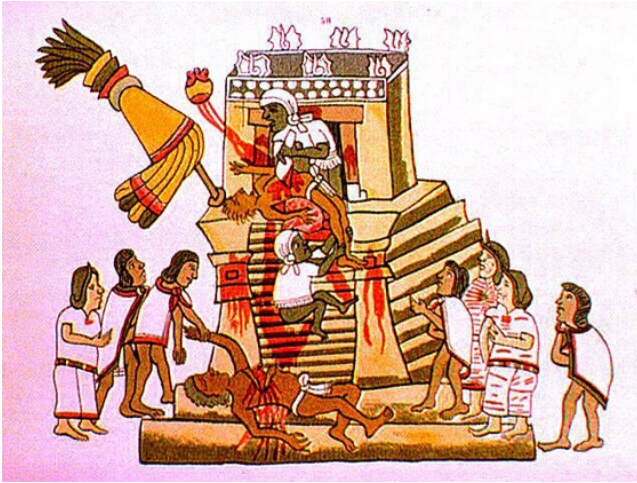
One of the measures by which the ONA separates itself from those lesser, perhaps fraudulent, forms of Satanism, is through the act of feeding the gods through human sacrifice. A widespread practice in ancient times, and well-evidenced in text, archeology, and folklore, it is considered by many occult and pagan groups to be at best an atavistic custom and best forgotten, if not denied entirely. Some few lukewarm religious groups today understand the foolishness of entirely dispensing with the practice, and substitute instead animal sacrifice in its place. But be it animal or human, blood sacrifice is necessary to appease the spiritual patrons of the Sinister Way.

The contemporary ONA proposed two alternate means by which the gods may be fed. The first is detailed in some of the earlier works of the Order, and involve a willing sacrifice during a nexion group working, such 'The Ceremony of Recalling' as detailed in the *Grimore of Baphomet* manuscript. Herein, the text reads:

'The candidate (who is always male and who ideally should be in his twenty first year on the Summer Solstice chosen for the ritual) is chosen by the Mistress from among the Temple members on the Summer Solstice one year before the ritual will occur. If the chosen one accepts this honour then he becomes an honorary Priest for the year and is allowed to choose from the members of the Temple a woman to be his Priestess. [...] After the Spring Equinox, the chosen lives with his Priestess, retiring from all mortal affairs save his duties as Priest to the Temple. He shall also arrange his temporal affairs in readiness for the day of the ritual.

Should the chosen at any time fail to observe his vow by fleeing and hiding from members of the Temple, he shall by all the Temples of the Order and all kindred Temples and Orders be placed under a death curse, and the Guardian of his Temple sent to seek him out and terminate without warning his existence. The Guardian shall not rest until this task is complete, and the Mistress may appoint other Guardians as well to assist in this should she so desire.'

Thus it is clear that one mode of feeding the gods involves **an opfer selected for excellence**, both young and healthy and in the prime of life. Examples of this practice are found in such cultures as the Mesoamerican Aztecs, who offered up their best and healthiest prisoners of war, and even members of their own aristocracy who had committed certain crimes. Among the Celts, for example, Caesar notes the practice of preserving the heads afterwards in pine oil, and archeology shows that many such victims were indeed in excellent health at the time of their offering.



Temple of the Sun in Tenochtitlan (Mexico)



Mature male opfer (Bog grave, Britain)

In some (certainly few) cases, as with the Rite of Recalling, it was almost certainly a willing sacrifice, with compensation for the kin of the opfer, as alleged among the primitive Germanic tribes during Roman times, and also described clearly in the Vedas in the *Purushamedha Yajna* ('Human Sacrifice Ritual'), a shocking and forbidden rite which involved men and women of various tribes, figures, complexions, characters, and professions being lashed to the sacrificial stakes in place of the tame and wild animals, and offered to Vishnu. In some cases these would have been prisoners, and in other cases esoteric devotees who were keen to be sacrificed as a supreme show of devotion to the gods.

This type of culling is an ideal that is difficult to realize, as it is rare today that one finds a willing opfer. Perhaps this is due to the lack of belief in the Dark Gods, and in the immortal and acausal existence that the Rite of Recalling is said to grant.

Equally, however, the Order of Nine Angles also prescribes an alternate means of feeding the gods, equally antique, which is that of culling the rotten. In the 2012 ms. 'Culling as Art', it is stated:

'Given this pattern of slow evolution toward more nobility – and of a return to a natural balance which is inherent in this evolution – a certain wisdom was revealed, a certain knowledge gained. A revealing – a knowledge, about our own nature, and about the natural process of evolutionary change – which was contained in the remembered, mostly aural, traditions of communities, based as these traditions were on the *pathei-mathos* [the learning from experience] of one's ancestors.

This wisdom concerned our human nature, and the need for nobility (or excellence, *arête*, ἀρετή) of personal character. This received wisdom was: (1) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance – the means to restore balance and the means of a natural, gradual, evolution – resides in individuals; (2) that natural justice, and the propensity for balance, was preferable because it aided the well-being and the development of communities; and (3) that nobility of individual character, or a rotten nature, are proven (revealed) by deeds, so that it is deeds (actions) and a personal knowing of a person which count, not words.

Or, expressed another way, ancestral cultures teach us that our well-being and our evolution, as humans, is linked to – if not dependant upon – individuals of noble instincts, of proven noble character, and thence to dealing with, and if necessary

removing, individuals of rotten character. Hence, that a type of natural culling was desirable – the rotten were removed when they proved troublesome or became a bad influence, and were seen for what they were: rotten.’

Thus it is clear that the gods may be fed not only by the choicest morsels, but also by the vermin that plague our society and culture. Various manuscripts of the Order describe the means by which a selected offer of this type may be tried and tested, giving them a fair chance to save their skin, or not, and if not, various means by which they may be ended. This process may be undertaken by a initiate as a solo task (and is indeed a necessary part of the 7FW), or also as a project for the combined members of a nexion. In either case, in terms of victim, the ‘rot’ need not be singular, as the above noted manuscript mentions that;

‘The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather ‘the sworn enemy’ any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.’

Thus certain contemporary events could be read, if not by the media, at least by those more discerning, exemplified best recently perhaps in India and Pakistan, as deliberate gifts to the Dark Gods, therefore esoteric acts, and not merely acts of political or cultural exigency. Likewise, where the knife and club may well have been the sacrificial implements of our ancestors, it is recommended that contemporary initiates review the considerable palate of tools placed before us by modern technology. Here again, one need not be too imaginative, but rather make use of any reliable news agency, to see how others are ‘getting the job done’, especially in regions of sustained conflict.

ONA, 124 YEAR OF FAYEN

THE SINISTER RITE OF THE NINE ANGLES

The rite may be undertaken - in northern climes - on or near to either the autumnal equinox (for the Dabih nexion) or the winter solstice (for Algol nexion) or, for any including southern and equatorial climes, when Jupiter and Saturn are both near the moon which is becoming new, the causal hour being before dawn.

For Dabih, the most propitious (effective) causal time is when Venus sets after the sun, and the moon itself occults Dabih or is near to it. The rite should be performed in an underground cavern, if possible where water flows, or near to where water flows, and involves a Priest and a Priestess as well as at least one cantor trained in sinister Esoteric Chant [qv. the ONA MS NAOS], together with a congregation of male and female, or all male, or all female, depending on the orientation of the participants. A large crystal tetrahedron made of pure quartz is required - the larger, the more effective the rite. Each member of the congregation should also have with them small crystal tetrahedrons, which they hold in their hands during the rite, and each member of the congregation should also be trained in sinister Esoteric Chant.

The rite can also be performed in a suitably sized crypt, with good acoustics. Whatever the venue chosen - and a natural cavern is best - the only light should be from candles. The large crystal should be placed on a preferably oak stand with a sheet of mica between it and the wood. The Priest, Priestess and Cantors stand near the crystal, while the congregation (of at least six) form an ellipse around them. The congregation slowly dance moonwise and chant the "Atazoth" chant, as while the Cantor(s) vibrate in E minor "Nythra kthunae Atazoth".

After this vibration the cantor and Priest (or two Cantors if there are two) vibrate in fourths the "Diabolus" chant while the Priestess places her hands on the crystal, visualizing the Star Nexion and its rending.

After the Diabolus, the Priest signals to the congregation who begin to slowly walk, counter moonwise, chanting *Binan Ath Ga Wath Am*. The Priest and Priestess then vibrate "Binan ath ga wath am" a fifth apart (or an octave and a fifth) while the Cantor(s) vibrate "Atazoth". If two Cantors are present, this Atazoth vibration begins in parallel: the next "Atazoth" is a fifth apart as is the third. After this, they then chant, in fifths, the 'Atazoth chant' according to tradition. While the Cantors continue chanting the Priest and Priestess begin their acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking, directing their energies toward the crystal.

If only one Cantor is present, the "Atazoth" vibration is continued nine times and then the 'Atazoth chant' undertaken by the Cantor and the Priest, in fifths. It is the Priestess - as Rounwytha - who silently concentrates and directs the acausal-energy released toward the tetrahedron which she via gift and skill of acausal-empathy and acausal-thinking uses as nexion. She then consciously makes her choice of one of the humans present to act as indwelling host, temporary or otherwise.

The Priestess will signal the success of the rite by taking the hand of the one chosen as host and placing both hands of the host on the crystal.

RIDDLES IN THE DARK

Here are some potential answers to some ONA riddles. Some are possible to unravel with diligence and a good library, while others are mysteries that can only be told by word of mouth. One unasked question is where the word *rounwytha* comes from. It's Old English *runwita*, which means "one who knows", or "adept".

1) What is the meaning and the correct uses [plural] of the term Feyen?

Old English *fægen* (see below), and the plural is *fayena*. Technically, "Fayen" could come from **fæge**, which means doomed, dead, unhappy, OR it could come from **fægen** which means glad, joyful, etc. Given the context, likely 'fayen' as ONA uses it refers to "exotic joy". In Old English, since there's an 'e' after the 'g', the 'g' is pronounced like a 'y', which is why Anton Long spells it "Fayen", not "Fagen". Besides, spelling it "Year Fage" would leave obvious complications. For dictionary examples, one can use this link here: <http://home.comcast.net/~modean52/oeme_dictionaries.htm>

- **fæge** [] adj **fey, doomed (to death), fated, destined; dead; unhappy, accursed; feeble, cowardly (not from this)**
- **fægen**1 [] adj **w.g. fain, glad, joyful, rejoicing (from this)**

2) What is the reason that Petriochor is used in the Rite of Afsana, and what is this Rite?

"Afsana" is Persian for "Incantations" or "Enchantments" or "Stories". The author does not know what the rite is, only what the name means -- so "Ritual of Incantations". Petriochor is for Noctulus (Moon), and the Moon is for enchantments in Naos, hence perhaps the connection.

3) What one [singular] terrestrial location is used in calling forth Yusra?

"Yusra" is Arabic for "ease", opposite of Hardship ("Usra"). The singular place is unknown to the author.

4) How do the Nine Angles relate to Azal, Dhar and Zamal, and what Earth-bound (causal) form (structure/construct) is used to symbolize this?

These are terms for time, but AL has set a spelling trap: it's not "Zamal" but "Zaman". All three refer to time. Zaman is an "era", Dhar is like "eternity", and Azal means "without a beginning". One can read an essay on Azal here: <http://www.iranicaonline.org/articles/azal>. Perhaps the structure is the Caliphate, as the essay hints.

5) What manuscript, other than Al-Kitab Al-Alfak, is a source for the nine emanations?

Another spelling trap -- it's misspelled, it's Kitab al-Aflak (Book of Stars). The other manuscript could be Razi's "Secret of Secrets", as Razi was an alchemist and metaphysician who DID write about emanation.

6) Where and when was Al-Kitab Al-Alfak (read: Kitab al-Aflak) written and

what name appears on the title page?

Impossible to answer without seeing the particular manuscript, though it is a well known Muslim text on astronomy penned in Iran. Perhaps the name on the title page is Sadr al-Shari'a (the reputed author), but the name could equally be the copyist, not the author. Alternately it may be the library that it's from. The major problem herein is that the medieval manuscripts only have names if the person who copied the manuscript (by hand) bothered to give it on, or knew the correct title.

AoB
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ABELGAN ENDE

It was in the darkest hours of a long, hot and humid summer night during which Haeland, dressed in all black clothes, from head-to-foot, departed his more-than-somewhat dilapidated trailer-home, armed with a razor-sharp Austrian Glock combat knife, to seek his chosen prey amongst the local flora and fauna. He knew that Daffyd's wife, a decrepit specimen in all respects, even in her late-thirties, would be in repine upon her back-porch, lit only with the electrical blue-glow of the insect-repellant light and, no doubt, well into her cups - Bud Light and Crown Royal being her poison of choice.

He had made his mind up, years ago to the day, to extract her from the pathetic mortal coil she inhabited, brutally so, for the smallest of slights to his personage. Haeland was one who was intrinsically tied to the area in every fashion, a sensitive, if somewhat bizarre man, who felt deeply the ebbs and tides of the natural world around him. He had long decided that those who upset the balance of such natural tides - especially those close to his own personal area - must and should be dealt with without mercy and utilizing the strongest possible measures.

Slowly, cautiously, but full of a knowing and somewhat unbridled confidence, Haeland crept through the twisted scrub pines and low-growth greenery toward the border of the property where his chosen offer awaited.

A crackle of a desiccated twig breaking beneath his feet and the subsequent rustling of the piling dead leaves of many autumns past sounded a slight but audible alarm to the wife's guard dogs on the other side of the haphazardly-built low-lying fencing, bringing a furry, stout, black-coated mongrel and a German shepherd bounding forward - both woofing somewhat ineffectually despite their hoarse and heartfelt barks.

Haeland smiled blackly and cooed into the hot night air.

"Here, puppy, puppy! Here, dog!"

A morsel of poisoned meat thrown and their barks subsided into the muted sounds of satisfied mastication. Soon enough, these too died into the even more subdued sounds of low, brittle choking as their breathing became more belabored and eventually stopped altogether. Haeland, pleased, mused upon the slow demise of the would-be guardians of his intended as he ran his filthy and scarred fingers across the smallish quartz crystal tetrahedron which he carried within the lower left-hand pocket of his black BDU-style jacket.

With an effortless hop Haeland negotiated the slightly more than waist-level fencing and strode past the two, now deceased, canine guardians of the property into which he now intruded during the pointed hours of dawn. A roving eye upon the recent cadavers revealed that they had begun to defecate themselves in response to their chemically-induced death, to which Haeland managed to stifle an involuntary chuckle.

The bitch to whom the professionally sharpened knife was intended came into visible relief through the cheap screening of her back-porch. Her head was lolled back against the plastic lawn chair, mouth open, revealing a shabbily installed top denture in an attempt to conceal profuse tooth loss throughout her twenties and early-to-mid-thirties as a result of a runaway methamphetamine habit habitual to the area. Furrowed skin, wrinkled well past

its natural age, covered her sun-bronzed face - eyes turned into her head, one limp arm holding the still smoldering remnants of a filtered cigarette.

Haeland knew that her own three filthy pups, bitch-breed in underage male human skin, slept soundly within the converted home in which she dwelt, along with Daffyd, exhausted and dead to the world after a long twelve-hour day of toiling for his brood of mundanes, among which he lovingly counted himself. This thought made Haeland smile darkly, as it was his utmost pleasure, in this particular incidence, to sever from them, forever, the love that their mother bore them.

Several determined steps and a languorous opening and closing of the screen door and Haeland was before his chosen opfer - stifled snores and rank breath proceeding from her open mouth. With a combat-booted foot, said boots having been given to him some years ago by a former member of a Psyops division within the army of a prominent western country, Haeland gently tipped over the gasoline canister nearby, intended for use on the morrow in Daffyd's proscribed domestic lawn-duties, allowing the petrol-laden fumous liquid to pool across the weathered beams of the porch around and beneath the sleeping woman upon whom Haeland cast his predatory gaze.

With a deft motion Haeland clasped his left hand over the sleeping figure's mouth and with the other, ran his razor-sharp combat knife, which had been donated to him by another member of his cult, beforehand dedicated to a bleak and horrific Acausal Dark Goddess, across the throat of the female mundane. Her eyes opened widely in horror, briefly, as arterial spray shot like an iron-scented perfume from her now severely perforated neck - careening upwards some several feet before splattering down onto her doomed and slowly slackening visage.

Haeland ran from the porch, the force of his body opening the spring-driven screened-in door and did not look back as her still smoldering cigarette dropped onto the pooling gasoline beneath her slowly dying body, engulfing her and then her home in a putrid cloud of arson-ridden infernal flame. Deep within the adjutant woods, holding his quartz crystal tetrahedron with the grip of insanity, Haeland vibrated the name of that Dark God to whom the offered human sacrifice had been proffered. In tumultuous, iron-wrought clouds above, fell lightning could be seen and there, on the damp earth, Haeland's hideous laughter mingled in the night air with the sound of the approaching ambulances and fire-trucks, seeking, in vain, to wrest some recovery as to the bitch and her kin.

Jall, ONA



RANGER SCHOOL

THE SATANIC EXPERIENCE



The moment has finally come. I've waited three years for this experience. My unit is finally sending me to Ranger school. How long I've planned and waited for this moment. This will be the most enduring, the most demanding school I will be attending in my personal quest for promethean overcoming, for satanic mastery. This will be my second tab on the way towards achieving the "Tower of Power," known amongst the most elite of the U.S. Army. Already I've earned the Airborne tab, now onto the Ranger tab. Several years from now I will complete the tower and earn the Special Forces tab when I complete the Q course.

It all started three years ago when I signed up to join the U.S. Army as an Infantryman. Viewing with horror the decline in politically subversive groups of true merit I turned elsewhere for true satanic insight. For me, my insight role would last for almost 10 years. A lengthy and carefully planned execution of consecutive goals towards becoming a tier one operator in the United States military. To the detriment of my recruiter I decided to start at the bottom and earn my way up. He wanted to place me in a highly advanced MoS, because of my high ASVAB score and a bachelors in psychology. I decided to start where all real men should start, as a grunt and as a "fuzzy." I would start at the very bottom and claw my way to the top.

I was sent off to Ft. Benning several months later to be trained for 14 weeks to become an Infantryman. Where I was taught to do one thing, to kill. Where no emotion was to be shown, where weakness was weeded out, and where even the most faint of heart were turned into weapons of war. During my tenure at Ft. Benning I was able to use satanic manipulation to cause a fellow private to hang himself with 550 cord. My very first Gift for the Prince. This was followed by a very colorful experience of horror no doubt due to the energy I carried with me from pathworking with the Dark Gods.

After graduation I was sent to Airborne school for three weeks where I was able to toy with the minds of the parachute riggers which caused a slip up in one of the chutes of a fellow student who fell to his death from the C-130 that carried us in the sky for our first live jump. After completion from Airborne school I was sent to an Airborne unit where I was to

be deployed to Afghanistan only six months later.

My year long deployment to Iraq further helped the deadening of my senses I was feeling. I become a stone cold killer. I learned quickly that what I was taught all my life about America being the bastion of freedom and the harbinger of humanitarian ideals quickly flew out of the window when we greased children who were holding AK's. When we murdered and burned to the ground everything in our path. When your told your expendable over and over you learn to fight with every resolve. Knowing that no support is waiting in the rear to come to your assistance. I saw the bodies of young girls who were decapitated and had the heads of dogs sewn onto the necks. We would learn well from their tactics. Upon my return from Iraq we went back to training. It was my goal at that point to attend the toughest course the Army had to offer, Ranger school.

I began training heavily in advanced land navigation, in patrolling, and in leading platoon sized elements. I began bulking up to prepare for the 30-40lbs I would lose in Ranger school. I began rucking barefoot on hot asphalt to toughen my feet. I built my core using 75lb kettlebells, deadlifts, military presses, and squats. I read everything I could get my hands on to prepare. I learned that only 3000 soldiers every year get the opportunity to attend Ranger school and of that number only 25% pass the first time through. 67% only pass at all out of a class and many are recycled and have to repeat phases. I was determined to make it the first time. I learned all the tricks to surviving. I knew to eat match heads to circulate sulphur through my system to keep chiggers out of my skin. I learned a lot from my deployment on ignoring pain and fatigue. I felt ready.

My personal record of Ranger school starts on day one of 61 days. I will keep the record as contraband unbeknownst to the Ranger Instructors. We arrived at Ft. Benning to begin Phase I. I was at Benning during the summer and remembered how hot and humid it was, but this is February and I can't believe how cold it is. The high humidity chills the body to the bones. In typical Army fashion we aren't allowed any snivel gear. I knew then this was going to be painful.

We signed some initial paperwork and were immediately hauled off to our first training site. The smell of fresh recruits made the RI's blood thirsty. They hurried us off the bus, some were crawling through windows to escape the wrath of the RI's. They rushed us off to a pit where we were put into the front leaning rest position. We were briefed, more like lectured in that position for an hour. Anyone who couldn't hold the position was given a 35lb motivation rock to hold above their head. I learned from experience to keep calm breathe deeply and ease the stress on the joints to remain relatively comfortable in that position. After an hour it became impossible even for me. They put us in the position of attention and ran us around a track where we had to bear crawl and fireman carry our Ranger buddy for hours. We were ordered off the track and into two man formation where we were to apply MACP or the Modern Army Combatives Program. We were to perform a takedown over and over until the RI's were satisfied. Satisfied was not in their vocabulary and they sent us running around the track again. This went on well into the night. We were then ran to an obstacle course that we had to negotiate. It was already pushing 2300. I knew this would be a long night. After the obstacle course we low crawled through freezing muddy water for 300 meters under barbed wire and simulation artillery fire. All the while being hounded by the RI's to crawl faster and to keep our faces in the mud. I emerged on the other side of the barbed wire freezing, soaked, and unable to feel most of my body. A weaker soul asked one of the RI's when we were stopping for the day. The RI merely grinned and said we still have the morning yet. We were rushed off from the site to pick up rucksacks and rifles to go on a seven mile "ruck run." I could feel blisters forming from the soggy mud in my boots. Already many were falling out and quitting. The ruck run ended at

0400 when we were told to shower, change, and catch a few hours of sleep. Day one over.

Day two began only one hour later. The RI's gave us a false hope of much needed rest. We began immediately with the testing of our courage. We climbed a ladder 50 feet into the air and walked foot in front of foot over a plank over frigid cold water where three steps marked the center of the plank with the iconic Ranger insignia. We then descended hand over hand along a 20 foot long rope where we were to touch a wooden sign bearing the same insignia, then fall from that point into the water. We were then instructed to emerge from the water only to put web gear on and jump back in donning our web gear upon entering the water. How cold and debilitating the water was. Weak swimmers sunk to the bottom in desperation and were pulled out by paramedics that were standing by for emergencies. They were given only one more chance and were cut from the course. After this test of combat water survival we were run into a MACP course again. This was clearly done in effort to wear us out. Fatigue and hunger were setting in badly already. After this we were quizzed in the front leaning rest on terrain features and other map reading related matters. Every question answered wrong added 10 minutes to our misery. We were finally given an MRE around 1300. We had to eat this as quickly as possible for more pain. We found ourselves several hours later on a 15 mile ruckmarch with a 60lb rucksack, along with rifle, and FLC. This lasted into day three. Unbeknownst to my persons many were dropping out. I kept my focus on the feet in front of me, never looking up. This made things somehow easier. We finished the ruckmarch in 2 1/2hrs. We were permitted to sleep at 0200.

Day three restarted at 0345 with a five mile PT run. A couple fell out and were counted as No-Go's. We are beginning to feel like the walking dead. Yet we still have 59 days to go. We were finally given breakfast after PT. Which was much needed, we finished the meal with great relish. We spent the next several hours on classes about advanced land nav and patrolling techniques. We then had a night long land navigation course to navigate without the assistance of headlamps or red lens flashlights. I found myself tripping over vines and getting caught in thorn brush. It was tearing my ACU trousers to shreds. I forgot about this shit when I was on FTX during my first tour at Benning. It was slowing me down tremendously and I had to constantly worry about breaking my ankle on the fallen logs and animal holes. Luckily a full moon gave some additional illumination to my misery. Perhaps an omen. When will this night end?

Day four began as all others, with pain. I was feeling invigorated from the full moon last night and it rekindled my morale. We've only ate two meals since we arrived and only four hours of sleep so far. Already the environment is starting to feel strange, or perhaps it's myself? It's getting hard to tell. We continued today with a day land nav course. This was much easier in the daytime. I made sure to perfect my land nav skills before arriving here and knocked out the course very quickly. I received high marks for this, and am hoping this will help overcompensate any negative marks I might receive. We were sent out on a 7 miles patrol through some of the thickest deepest jungle I've only seen in movies that night. I of course got stuck with the 240 Bravo. I found myself getting stuck several times in knee high black mud. The extra weight I was carry from the bravo didn't help any and I had to be pulled out several times by the other Rangers. This slowed us down tremendously and we were pushing our time hack very closely. Leadership was handed off to someone else by the RI's and we pushed onward through the thick foliage. I could hear the RI's smirking in the enjoyment they got from our misery. We found ourselves several hours later at the ambush site, and instead of being the ambushers we became the ambushed. They sent in an SF unit to toy with us, so that they could hone in on their own skills. We used the oldest trick in the book and used battle drill one alpha. Bravo team broke contact and went New York to flank the ambushers. I had to lay down cover fire for

Bravo team while they tried to run through the thick brush. Several fell on the way to getting to a suitable flanking position. God damnit this is miserable. We somehow overpowered our aggressors and moved on to our next objective which was an area to set up a patrol base for the night. We arrived and dug our shallow graves to sleep in and pull security. Luckily my Ranger buddy pulled the first security shift so I was afforded an hour of sleep. We rotated every hour until 0330 when we packed up and moved out. I could have sworn I heard strange noises out in the woods outside our perimeter. Perhaps it was only coyotes.

Day five, this is supposed to be the last day of the most cuts. If you can make it past day five all you need to do is stand fast and make it through. Easier said than done. We maneuvered our way through the brush and made it back to some "hooches," that had been in place since the 40's by the look of them. We were offered the chance to clean up and be ready by 0545 to conduct morning PT. A relief at last. I cleaned the grime off my body that was beginning to form. PT was a five mile run in full battle rattle, how nice of the RI's. We continued again with MACP during mid morning, ate an MRE, and continued on with patrolling techniques again. 17 more days to go at Benning, which will conclude the "crawl phase." Have to operate day by day. It's the only way to make it through.

Day 19, the past weeks have been nothing but a physical and mental test to see if we can deal with the rigors of the last two phases of Ranger school. I've already blacked out twice from sleep deprivation. I'm having a hard time recalling what we done so far. Everything is starting to blur. The same foliage, the same tree's, the same god damn Georgia red clay. It's still very cold and it even snowed on us a little last week. A very uncommon event here, apparently not uncommon enough for us. I've been noticing this class is quite uncommon or perhaps something is happening where not aware of. I've watched as guys got up from their shallow graves at night and walk around aimlessly muttering to themselves. I wonder if they realize what they're doing. I've noticed myself staring into nothingness for hours at points. Tomorrow is the last day of the Benning phase and then we begin the Mountain phase. At least at this point if I break my leg I'll get recycled to the next class. One phase at a time, one day at a time, one hour at a time. Have to keep counting down.

Day 21, we made our way to Camp Merrill to begin the mountain phase. We spent most of the day learning knots, instruction on rappelling down mountain cliffs, and climbing cliffs. Staying awake has been my worst enemy. Anyone unable to stay awake during class is given the motivation rock to hold above their heads. They must have air assaulted that damn rock here. The terrain here is terrible. Already some have literally rolled down some of the mountain sides. Still attached to their rucksacks they got hit a couple of times in the head from their gear. One broke his leg from bad footing in between two rock formations. We're back to patrolling constantly and the rough mountainous terrain slows us down tremendously and some of our missions require us to already apply the mountaineering skills we've learned from class earlier. There's snakes everywhere and the spider webs we walk through are so thick you have to turn around and walk backwards to break through as you swat at the arachnid that has decided to use your face as a new spot to make a web. We were weighed that night. First time since we arrived. I've lost 20lbs already. For those who didn't bulk up before arriving it's showing tremendously. When they change their ACU's their ribs are starting to show. Our eyes are starting to sink back into our heads and a permanent black shroud is beginning to form around our eye sockets. We catch occasional whiffs of the distinctive smell of a man who's been out in the field for days.

It's not even worth keeping track of the days at this point, they all melt into one. I've noticed I've picked up an appetite for raw blood meat. I find myself becoming more and more animalistic and primal. The lack of sleep and food is causing us to stumble around

during patrols, to overlook the simplest of tasks, and unable to hold any sane conversation. I found myself today kicking rocks at a snake and laughing, when one of the RI's came upon me he shook his head and gave me a push to move onward. I'm beginning to understand what it means to be a vessel for the Dark Gods. It's become almost impossible to operate on a conscious level.

Today I've been given leadership to lead a raid on a mortar position. With the intention of the course being to simulate combat stress, they certainly are doing a most effective job of such. All that's missing is the combat rush I felt so often in Iraq. I led the platoon along a ridge line I felt would give us cover and keep us out of some of the valleys and away from some of the cliffs that plotted the landscape. I was wrong, we ended up in moving right through a saddle which put us in the perfect ambush site on both sides. How could I have missed that? Fortunately we weren't ambushed, but the RI's made note of that mistake. We successfully made it to the OPFOR mortar site and set up a successful ambush position. We wasted every OPFOR soldier and managed to get ahold of one to interrogate. We learned there was a large weapons cache only several miles away. I made the decision to go raid the cache and hopefully we could confiscate some food as well. We were in luck, we snuck up on the guards watching over the cache, dispatched them and got ahold of three boxes of MRE's. We disappeared back into the woods to enjoy with great delight our pogie bait.

During security that night in our patrol base I watched as black tendrils descended from the stars to my solar plexus. I felt myself beginning to lift off the ground. I could hear a language being spoken to me that I couldn't consciously understand but deep within my subconscious my blood began to boil and my skin started to crawl. Just as soon as it began, it was over. Was it a dream? I don't know.

The next morning I awoke to yelling. One of the Rangers was eaten alive last night by wild animals. His flesh was mauled and his eyes stared into nothingness. How didn't any of us hear this, how come we didn't hear his cries for help as he was ravaged by wild animals. I stood there and stared at his gaping wounds and I felt my mouth begin to tremble and my back begin to tense. I felt a coiling black energy working its way up my spine to my brain. I clenched my teeth and my fists. While everyone was doing everything they could to resuscitate a corpse I felt myself desiring to taste the blood that had formed around the body. My moment of stupor was broken when the RI's came to extract the body, shaking their heads. What's happening to me?

W. Hacon, ONA

ONA, EVIL AND THE PHYSICAL

Why is it that those treading the Seven-Fold Sinister Way stress physical ordeals, physical training and indeed, reaching an elite level of physical fitness? Why is it so important for those who are endeavoring to become the sinister agents of preparing eorthe for the return of the Dark Gods to undergo such ordeals and training?

For those who have engaged in such, as per the traditional teachings of the ONA, the answer is simple.

There is no comparison to the feeling that one receives when one has, by oneself, often and in many cases devoid of any recourse toward any human assistance whatsoever as to food or sustenance, other than oneself, traveled miles upon many miles, whether walking/marching or running, with only one's physical self as vehicle, often while ascertaining nature around oneself and the depths of one's own consciousness.

There is little comparison to the feeling of having lifted hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of weight, dozens upon dozens of time, and feeling oneself possessed of a verging-on-the-demonic strength, filled with the lust and gleam of the predator, while knowing that lesser physical beings, dozing in the pale light of pre-dawn, sleep unaware all around you - vulnerable.

The transcendence of physical limits is a fundamental threshold, an innately Satanic threshold, concerning which any among us who fail to attempt to cross will lose an innately fundamental, quintessential - furthermore - non-negotiable Satanic quality, Satanic character, that is prerequisite for becoming truly dark, inherently Satanic in a psycho-physical sense and genuinely evil in the real-world.

The pseudo-Satanists will bawl their excuses as they sit, decrepit and weak, in front of their televisions, their computers - physically inferior to the real, ONA-style, physical elite. They will dawdle, innocently, with their children and the children of their child-like relatives and mundane friends - repose softly, like idiots, among their mundane and inferior 'peers', psychically and physically soft - they will do all of these things and be more than simply lacking in genuinely Satanic characteristics, genuine Satanic determination, yet will still, unabashedly, without shame, assert themselves, among those fools who will listen, as being, themselves, 'Satanic.'

ONA has long drawn the line in the sand between these weak pretenders and those who are ready and willing to bring riot and revolt, terror and bloodshed (and who, in fact, have done so) to this terra firma in an excruciatingly fanatic attempt to bring about the manifestation of the Dark Gods upon the eorthe. While the pretenders pretend, while the weaklings wallow in their weakness, the hard ONA trains - the hard ONA plots - the hard ONA makes darkness manifest here, now, in the world. The choice is clear.

Jall, ONA

CAMWEDD: CROSSING THE LINE

Within the minds and readily apparent psycho-physical behavior of those vast majority who concern themselves with the so-called 'Satanic' path (and even, regrettably so, those who subscribe, however titularly it may be, towards that Traditional Satanist, Sinister Path and Seven-Fold Sinister Way methodology as exclusively propagated by the Satanic Order of Nine Angles) there is apparently some boundary, or rather, more specifically, some *several* boundaries, which, supposedly, 'cannot' be crossed by such supposed adherents.

Boundaries which are informed by 'inherent' societal mores and civilian-informed 'national' consciousnesses, as well as personal proclivities and taboos which, for those so transgressing, are considered transgressive *in the extreme* on deep and personal levels - boundaries which effectively 'shall not' be crossed and 'are not' accepted, in their minds, in other words, at least, according to the aforementioned, mundane, informants which are, in fact, the societal engineers of such a mundane and anti-Satanic posture and approach - and, thus, the very antithesis to the Satanic, the Sinister, the Numinous, which all genuine Satanists (or should, at least) champion.

Our question to you, the readership of Fenrir: Journal of Satanism and the Sinister, is this:

As a genuine Satanist, someone who is willing to, and thus exeatically so, become their own opposite (as posited in an excerpt from the memoir Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist by Anton Long (1)): according to what *patently artificial, societally constructed* and *essentially moral* (and thus, *thoroughly mundane*) tone will you restrict your *assumably* brutal, *presumably* transgressive and at least *hopefully* highly motivated furtherance along the Seven-Fold Way?

How long will you allow the pseudo-'Satanists', the mundanes and those infected with mundane philosophy and, indeed, those so and quite clinically and seriously 'mundane affected' under false-flag of the Sinister, to inform *your* decisions, *your* judgements as to proper courses of action based on burgeoning insights, *your own* on-the-ground Satanic actions and thus, really real, concrete, application of which sometimes seems to be only theoretical proposals on behalf of perceived (and outer) 'ONA leadership'?

Ultimately, in the ONA, there is no human authority to please. The enacting of real-world evil, Satanic action, rests, as it were, upon the individual Sinister adherent and the individual Sinister adherent, alone. Moreover, given the unique emphasis within the ONA on the mythos of the Dark Gods - sinister beings which by definition are alien and likely inimical to human society - and the sinister individual's quest to evolve to a point at which these beings are peers, then it behooves that adept, or would-be adept, to eschew the need for validation, especially on-line validation, and to develop a truly alien and sinister independence. Those who seek and need the approval of human or societal or hierarchical authorities may perhaps find it, but in the same way that a hound receives approval from the hunter - and yet thinks himself the master of the chase.

It is a fact, nevertheless, that the ONA does hold to a certain kind of honor between its own, called 'Kindred Honour'. This has been misunderstood and misrepresented by those hangers-on and soft-skinned types, who have tried to promote it as a shield, behind which they abuse and insult other members (even acknowledged Inner ONA), all the while bleating about "solidarity". Here, they have missed the mark, as Sinister Honour is not a shield by any means, but rather a commitment to a certain code which means essentially

that one associate does not betray another without provocation to those outside the Order. But the keyword here is 'provocation' - one cannot pose, malign, provoke, snap and snarl, and still pretend to expect to be treated with respect under the auspices of 'Kindred Honour', and this goes doubly so if one belongs merely to the internet fringe, rather than the genuine hardcore element itself.

Beyond all relatively word-driven ministrations about 'Kindred-Honour' and other *seemingly* conceptual arrangements within the larger ONA corpus, the weight of responsibility toward striving toward and successfully achieving such (and appropriately arduous) tasks as mandatory minimum physical training exercises (2), culling (3), Insight Roles and Aeonie Insight Roles (also referred to in some MS as 'Sinister-Cloaking') (4) and other tasks, lies strictly upon the Sinister adherent individually and the Sinister adherent alone.

This does not imply, even for a moment, that the emphasis on fierce individualism means that the ONA is opposed to collaboration or kinship in sinister deeds and purpose. No - far from it - and indeed, the *nexion* is a key facet of the ONA, by which, in fact, it is likely that the greatest advances can be made. Collaboration is necessary, for example, to perform many of the rites detailed in Naos and the Black Book of Satan.

But having comrades in arms does not mean having a safety net. Much akin to the position of someone operating under a non-official cover there will be no provided fail-safes, no one to rescue you in the course of 'duress.' Thus it is up to you and you alone, Sinister adherent, to cross the line whether it be moral lines, political lines or lines of social and personal transgression. It will be up to you to step over that threshold into building the self-discipline for rigorous physical conditioning with little to no assistance, based perhaps on only some personal guidance (and in more cases than not, no guidance at all.) It will be up to you to step across that pivotal line that in many ways, enshrines the ONA ethos in contra-distinction to other groupings upholding the term Satanism, through planning and executing a culling (human sacrifice.)

ONA, 124 YEAR OF FAYEN

Notes:

(1) 'I, and others like me, are the darkness which is necessary and without which evolution and knowledge are impossible. I am also my own opposite, and yet beyond both. This is not a riddle, but a statement of Mastery, and one which, alas, so few have the ability to understand.' Diablerie: Revelations of a Satanist by Anton Long.

Further, as Anton Long wrote not long ago in the essay *Understanding Satanism*:

“Thus, the ONA not only fits both standard definitions of Satanism but is the only avowedly Satanic association which is:

- (a) practising or disposed to practise evil;
- (b) actually or potentially harmful, destructive, disastrous, pernicious; baleful;
- (c) malicious; mischievous, sly;
- (d) bad in moral character, disposition;
- (e) hard, difficult, misleading, deadly, amoral;
- (f) malevolent, offensive.”

Thus the individual who self-identifies with the Order of Nine Angles, either in private, or perhaps especially on the internet, does so with the understanding that they are making common cause with villains, heretics, and criminals, who may accept the would-be adept, or not, as fate (and their qualifications) will have it. The very process of becoming part of the ONA is intentionally difficult, and there is certainly an effort to drive out the sick and weak, to separate the wheat from the chaff. This process can be malicious, offensive, and misleading, but it is necessary to guarantee a certain quality of sinister initiate.

2) An example of some challenges an Adept have successfully undertaken found in the ONA MS *Adeptship - Its Real Meaning and Purpose* include:

1) Several physical (and mental) goals of which the minimum standards are (a) walking 32 miles carrying a pack weighing not less than 30 lbs. in under 7 hours over difficult, hilly terrain; (b) running 20 miles in less than 2 and a half hours over fell-like/mountainous terrain; (c) cycling not less than 200 miles in 12 hours.

In addition, further MSS describing the physical tasks associated with more advanced grades along the Seven-Fold Sinister Way show that the arduousness of their nature continues to increase. As an example, in the MS *Grade Ritual: Grand Master/Grand Mistress* describes in the context of the Grade Ritual indicated by its title, the physical task of “walking, in difficult, isolated terrain, a distance of 300 miles in 15 days carrying appropriate equipment.”

3.) Order MSS describing culling prominently include (but are certainly not limited to) *A Gift for the Prince - A Guide to Human Sacrifice, Culling: A Guide to Sacrifice Part II, Guidelines for the Testing of Opfers* and more recently *Concerning Culling as Art*.

It would additionally behoove readers interested in pursuing additional ONA material as it relates to this practical subject matter to not ignore the many cases of culling occurring throughout the occult fiction of the ONA including perhaps most prominently the four volumes of the *Deofel Quartet, Tales of the Dark Gods* and *Eulalia: Dark Daughter of Baphomet*.

MSS related to the Camland Rouning tradition, or the way of the Rounywytha, also

approach the subject matter of ridding the land of burdensome elements, whether human or animal, though approached in a different manner altogether than the traditional ONA MSS on culling involving testing of opfers, etc.

4.) See *Insight Roles*, *Insight Roles II*, *Insight Roles - A Guide* and especially *Aeonic Insight Roles* - the latter which proposes undertaking Insight Roles, those proposed being of a markedly revolutionary nature with strong potential for real-world system disruption, with the stratagem in mind of choosing roles which will be specifically Aeonic in orientation and thus in long-term effect.

References to the specific terminology “sinister-cloaking’ can be found in the essays *Classic ONA Texts: Order of Nine Angles Style, O9A Chic* authored by Anton Long and in *The Radical Sinister Philosophy of Anton Long - A Review of The Contemporary Secret Society Known As The Order of Nine Angles* respectively.

ACAUSAL TORMENT

Little girls ran around the circular room dressed in bright, flowery attire - the serpentine designs on their garments seeming to swirl and morph into varieties of diffuse, protean images as Wella sat, immobilized, strapped with leather thongs upon a large and gleaming black-painted chair in the center of the chamber, fastened with innumerable instruments of bondage upon that horrific throne, terror-forged within the most insane and blasphemous nether-regions of the astral plane.

He, himself, naked and thoroughly exposed - being most vilely penetrated from below with a strange apparatus and silenced from above with a translucent, seemingly living, rubber-coated restraint which covered his mouth and, through the auspices of a sinisterly-placed insert, prohibited him from hardly any movement in that region leaving him, to a markedly increasing degree, choking - choking on his very own spittle, incapable of draining in the natural fashion, thus, draining down his own throat, causing his chest to convulse as the fluid seeped down into the passages of his lungs in pain-filled spasms.

The eyes of the girls seemed to, increasingly, take on an inhuman appearance, widening and eyeing him, coyly, with the appearance of calves as they spun, faster and faster, in widdershins, through which his hallucinatory vision seemed to take on the shape of a non-differential stream of colors, shapes and brief ascertaining of individual figures, careening ever-faster in a left-ward circular fashion, blaringly and increasingly non-comprehensibly present in his most certainly incomprehensible state of bondage.

An explosion rent an opening in the space on the wall opposite of him and through that opening came a woman who both seemed old and young - brittle yet pliable - a crone and a untouched virgin all the same. A shapeshifter. Alternating her appearance between that of a human girl, that of a human (if transgressively so) old crone of a female, that of a faceless vinyl and leather-clad horror whose sex could not be readily ascertained by any human comprehension.

The being manifested drew from a thick and brutal belt a long, willowy, yet threateningly thick wand-shaped instrument and waved it in a quick, downwards, left-turning fashion in the direction of the rent from which she had entered. The rent closed. First, leaving a pulsating seeming scar then, a vague trace of structural damage and then, so quickly in fact, nothing at all. It turned, in its last, sexless manifestation, toward him, the clicking of its sadistic boots echoing ever and yet ever closer towards him in his bound domicile.

With a slow and predatory gesture she lowered the wand to his naked core, pressing upon the area of his solar plexus. His own physical, life-blood, flowed, in reverse current, out from his veins, draining from his heart, into the instrument of torture which she wielded and, as the draining commenced he could feel and see with sickening observation his veins collapsing and blackening, the path of collapse spreading out from his solar plexus toward the extremities of his body.

The entity lifted its wand-shaped instrument and swirling, crimson-colored filaments could be seen dancing upon its tip - the shaft of which seemed to gleam with an overly full, overly sensual texture, being filled with his living essence, prior to replacing it into the slot on its belt. From the area where the little girls were dancing, now appearing as simply a dangerous swirling mass of blurring colors, came the sound of thousands upon hundreds-of-thousands of layered and diverse voices. Some deep, commanding, exhorting - some

screaming, hideous, insane - some pleading, crying, begging for recourse and others simply giggling, screeching with a blasphemous and horrid glee.

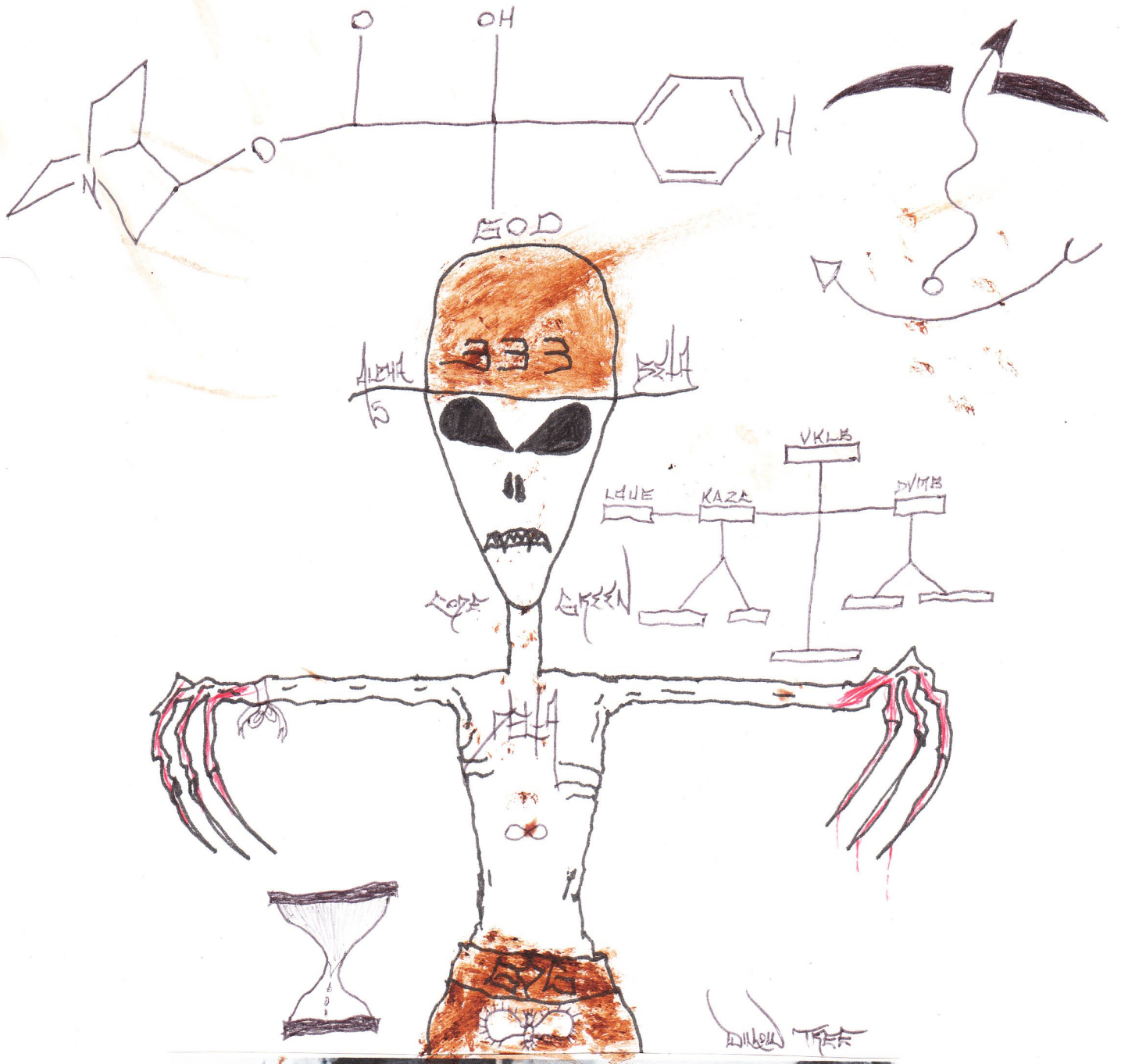
Wella felt the chamber begin to fill increasingly with the unmistakable scent of expanding ozone, like one would smell when standing upon an open field as formidable thunderstorms approached. Both inserts penetrating him from above and below began to enlarge themselves upon telepathic command of the entity before him, pushing him toward and increased state of violation. The myriad restraints holding him, tightened.

The vinyl and leather-clad horror pointed with a long gloved finger toward the swirling mass and spoke in a non-gendered robotic voice yet filled with cunning.

“Those are the ones that you summoned in the ritual - the ones that you desired to enter you through invocation. Now you shall experience the breakthrough which you have so long sought.”

A snap of her fingers and the swirling entities in their circular composition began to close in upon the area where he sat immobile upon his throne of torment as the inserts began to move further and further inward, causing blazing and mind-shattering pain along with the burning sensation of his now collapsed-veins, spread like worthless black tributaries of a dark sea across his physical frame.

The entity before him began to levitate into the air, above and beyond the swirling mass of entities bent on permanent intrusion and, for a moment, in a lightning-flash of acute clarity, he could see himself outside of himself in his genuine stature as he now existed - a starved, emaciated and naked being - alone - lying, in fetal position, in a small metal cage on a strange, remote and alien planet millions of universes away - a vast black and star-filled sky threatening from above and an oxygen-deprived harsh and alien atmosphere oppressing him from all around. That was all that remained of his old self, his root identity before the split - what now inhabited his physical body and the comportment of the same was yet to be seen, however, from the nature of the entities who now intruded, the insightful should begin to come to certain conclusions.



INSIGHT ROLES AND SEVERITY

The practise and execution of Insight Roles is one of the essential ONA practises that separates the would-be practitioners of “Satanism” from those who will merely play - most of whom today are following in the footsteps of the vast majority who have come before them within the last sixty years - continuing to erroneously co-opt that nomenclature with little or no hard experience much less hard evidence of experience on the ground.

Insight Roles, in a legitimate context, are one of the hard and indeed very hard, very arduous and altogether testing tasks which makes an indelible mark on those who undertake them, thus and correctly most vigorously so, in brutal distinction and thus definitively contrasting those wallowing indefinitely in the stage of half-hearted Initiate or even more appropriately categorised, the nominal Neonate at best, in most cases, according to the standards of Traditional Satanism and the Seven-Fold Sinister Way.

The half-hearted ones can be easily recognised. Such are those, whom by the very dint of their infantile presence at the periphery of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way, exemplify the very nature of complacency in pursuing the goals of the Sinister Dialectic as it applies to both themselves, what to speak of collective Aeonic aims, grinding along (and feebly so) at the very lowest level of activity, attempting to do what they should have - should their resolve had been real - successfully done and accomplished and moved beyond decades ago.

Almost as soon as the details regarding undergoing Insight Roles according to ONA standards became released into the public, during that strategic stage when hitherto unpublicised Satanic techniques were propagated for the benefit of the curious, the entire concept and thus - for all effects as it relates to posterity - the very practise of Insight Roles became watered-down, confused and thus brought down exceedingly low in tone by those half-hearted ones, those who would endeavor to assume the mystique of the Sinister while failing to apply the brutal measures that the Sinister Path demands and which indeed are absolutely necessary for genuine mastery and beyond.

Who among you has suffered greatly in the context of undergoing an Insight Role? Who among you has sacrificed all commonly understood reputation among both family, friends and society at large in pursuit of an ordeal of self-insight and thus insight in general, striving with a hardline adversarial and demonic disregard for the standards of the mundanes? How many of you instead have attempted to cut corners in order to falsely claim that an Insight Role, according to ONA standards, has been successfully undertaken by one's own person? How many of you have not bothered to even make the gesture of pretense in this regard?

For an Insight Role - undertaken in the proper context - is a revolutionary act. It is not a quiet affair, some minor infiltration or after-hours affectation which one uses to feebly boost what one perceives to be, lacking all esoteric insight (hence the cheat) some cause, purpose or what have you, which might according to guess-work be perceived to be of some use to the Sinister Dialectic, or which one may, with little cause, see themselves capable of affecting - of manipulating - despite marked lack of serious effort. If an Insight Role has not - even in its initial stages - provoked the circumstances around it toward your losing most or losing all in terms of what is commonly termed as a “safety-net” then you are not performing it correctly or, in many cases, not performing it at all.

Insight Roles have been a risk-based work since their original codification in the ONA Way

as we know it today and therefore what to speak of its appearances perhaps under different names and assuredly under different causal applications, yet with the same and indeed non-negotiable quintessence, within the oral tradition of which the ONA is and remains the sole and most vocal progeny.

As we move further toward our intended Dark Imperium - as should be the intention for all who associate themselves - even on the fringes - of the ONA and the Sinister Seven-Fold Way propagated by the same - it only stands to reason that the severity, the gravity and the innate risk and indeed danger of such Insight Roles will only increase, not decrease, as we move collectively toward the end-game of bringing forth the manifestation of the Dark Gods on earth.

Thus, for those so endeavoring, sincerely, an exhortation. And consequently, for those pretending and so thus falsifying, a warning.

Jall, ONA

SEVERE AUSTERITIES

अशास्त्रविहितं घोरं तप्यन्ते ये तपो जनाः ।
दम्भाहंकारसंयुक्ताः कामरागबलान्विताः ॥५॥

कर्षयन्तः शरीरस्थं भूतग्रामम् अचेतसः ।
मां चैवान्तःशरीरस्थं तान् विद्ध्य आसुरनिश्चयान् ॥६॥

Those who undergo severe austerities and penances not recommended in the scriptures, performing them out of pride and egoism, who are impelled by lust and attachment, who are foolish and who torture the material elements of the body as well as the Supersoul dwelling within, are to be known as demons. (Bhagavad Gita 17:5-6)

It should be understood always that in keeping with the strategic plan of the Order of Nine Angles, the forms by which the Sinister manifests have always been many and varied. In the late 20th century, the ONA capitalized on the “satanic panic” to field an image that appealed, at least in nomenclature, to the Magian and Nasrani images of devil-worship, as described in the partially fictitious Deofel Quintet. Thus justifiably, the ONA refers to the Traditional Satanism movement as one of its many faces, a legitimate face certainly, but genuinely a shape or masque by which the Sinister expresses itself. As the ethos of the ONA becomes globalized, of course, one can see that other movements, some more successful than others, have been uncovered, developed, retooled, weaponised, and unleashed. Some of these movements are rooted in actual ancient Sinister practices from the darkest corners of the globe. Others are based in modern political and religious movements which show a certain vulnerability to the extremism and violence that is part of the ONA’s core. Some of these initiatives may be understood to be a game, a trick or trap by which the unwary may be lured in, suckered, and taken for a ride as part of a jape. Other of these Sinister initiatives are seen by their nexions as genuine devotion to that Acausal Darkness with which communion is sought, using authentic techniques that have been learned (or torn) from the hands of those spiritual gurus who were deceived into passing them along. Each of these expressions of the Sinister is but a head of the hydra, a seemingly separate entity, but in truth an expression of single beast, a horrific reality that the mind struggles to comprehend as fragmented units. We are each a unique expression of that Acausal Darkness, but still only part and parcel of a greater whole that lies within or beyond the void.

But one thing must be clear above all: no matter what the shape, the game, the play, the myth, the Acausal Darkness is very real. The Dark Gods are likewise real and they are not kindly masters – they demand results, albeit results by their inhuman and alien point of view. Their agendas are difficult to fathom, aeonic in scope, and hard to realize. They will accept no failure. They will not enter easily into our world, except through the agency of certain abhorrent practices, events, and catastrophes that allow a certain Acausal intrusion. Most importantly, the nexions, that is, the cracks in reality by which the Dark Gods may enter are opened by acts and rites that most Mundanes call ‘Evil’, at times called ‘Sinister’.

Some explanation is needed on this point. One may right ask: why is it that Evil is a necessary facet of the calling of the Dark Gods? Why does the ONA insist on evil, on crossing the line, on going beyond human norms and limits?

One possible answer, based on certain oral traditions, is that evil events and rites affect both the victim (or the act or rite) and the initiate (who operates the act or rite). Evil events (accidents, catastrophes, crimes) create shock in the consciousness of the victim. In the very moment of shock, the consciousness (or the spirit) of the victim is vulnerable to the whisperings of the Dark Gods. Trauma causes people to experience views of consciousness that they have not formerly imagined or dreamed of – and in these moments of trauma, the Dark Gods can manifest, even if only briefly – in the minds of our victims. Indeed, in certain eastern countries, it is widely believed that shock and trauma can and does lead to possession by evil spirits, especially if it is severe. For this reason, such practices as the Rite of Recalling are very auspicious, in that the panic and trauma of the offer is a loud clarion call to the Dark Gods.

For the initiate, likewise, the shock of engineering an Evil event, or performing an Evil rite, is likewise very powerful. Just as the shock or trauma can make vulnerable the victim, so too do they affect the mind of the magician who creates the sinister conditions. Whether overseeing a wicked jape, performing a solitary or group ceremony (especially if sacrifice is involved), or undertaking a culling, the initiate forces their mind into a state of alien, inhuman consciousness, by deliberately violating social norms. This is not “just to be naughty”. This is done to shock oneself, to create those rare, precious moments when the Dark Gods are able to directly enter into (or contact) the initiate. Through creating specific conditions within oneself, one is able to better allow oneself to serve as a conduit for the Acausal Darkness. This should not be understood figuratively, but as a literal, fundamental part of the Sinister Path.

Thus, in this way, the magician may aspire to, through “severe austerities and penances not recommended in the scriptures”, attain a state of being only hinted at in certain obscure oral traditions, and better explained through certain more recent manuscripts of the ONA.

Gautama, ONA

THE CALL

The hillside calls to me. It calls to my brother as well, and it is where we meet.

My brother is the eldest, and I am the youngest. There are twenty years between us, but we are close as twins. He is mute, unbaptised, and has no name, but these do not matter to us. I first met him when I was a girl of nine. One moment I was alone, curled on the ground of the hillside, eyes closed, listening, one ear pressed to the earth, one ear turned to the sky, and the next moment my eyes were open, and he was there, sitting soundlessly, watching me, his face brown and weathered, eyes bright grey-green. I knew him straight away.

I knew he was my brother because the hillside told me so. I know that when he was born, he was marked by some blight which frightened my parents, and they left him one cold night upon the hill. I know this because the land told me. I know also that others have been left here, for you can find the bones, shallow in the soil, the small bones of children but also grown ones.

When I have asked my brother how he lived, who or what saved him, a helpless, abandoned babe, where he grew, where he goes when we are not together, he only smiles a great, deep smile that fills the folds at the corners of his eyes, and he places a finger to his lips, mimicking a silent *shh*.

I am fifteen but it is already reckoned I will be left a spinster. My sisters tell me it is because I am plain and quiet, but my brothers, the other two, know it is something more, something in the hard looks I give, or a hard word that will pass after a long shy spell, and that is what urges away any young fellow who might be in my presence. I have ruined courting chances for my sisters before, those suitors who have known of the dark youngest sister, but come over to the cottage nonetheless, and after meeting my glares, think better of marrying into such a family.

I do not mind. And I stay hidden from sight enough that my siblings might court and go about their lives, cautiously, wary of when I slip in or out the door. There are rumours in the village. I would say I have done nothing to encourage them, but it may be true that it is in my nature, and cannot be helped, that my ways will make for talk.

The other of my siblings know nothing of my brother, my true brother, for my mother and father would never speak of such a thing as they did, and my father went to his grave with it. I bear no malice, but I know my father believed truly enough that I was a being of malice, though he tried to love me as well as the rest. He could not help but blame me for misfortunes, anymore than our neighbours could help their whispering and averted glances, but for this I bear no malice. I have no need of malice. When I was old enough to wander on my own, I spared them as often as I could by answering the call, climbing over mound and moor, far from home and any habitation of man, until I might rest, sore, short of breath, relieved, upon the hill.

It is no place of beauty. It is a blighted place, blighted as my brother and myself. The earth is wind-scarred, the gorse sparse and tattered, the grasses coarse and strong-rooted against the cruel onslaught of nature. I do not ask why I am called, as if to ask would be to insult. I go and lay upon the ground there, where the sun cannot touch the chill, and I wait, and as I wait, it is as if I lay there dead, or in some state beyond death, for there is no place more alone in all the world, I think.

I wait for my brother, and some days he comes, and others he does not. Some days I open my eyes and find him sitting as he did the first time I saw him. Some days he lays by me, and we are each in that place like death. Some days we sit together, and I may speak a little, or we may just watch the time as it moves to dusk. Some days we lay close and hold our eyes together, and see into one another, and sometimes it is as if there are worlds between us, and sometimes it is as if we are each gazing into nothing, two beings filled with nothing. Some days we play, and dance, and he chases at my skirts, and he laughs his silent laugh. Some days he brings me little wildflowers, to braid in my hair with the grass and leaves and twigs which seem always to be tangled there, and sometimes he will let me thread a few tiny blossoms in his beard. Some nights I stay there in the place, and do not go back to that house, more nights and more the older I get, and I find warmth in my brother's arms as we sleep beneath the very black sky, where the stars are swallowed by the dark.

One day the land told me that in three days there would be blood to be shed, and I would come home there, and all else would be stripped away.

In three days my middle brother, a false one, the heir to his father's name, followed me, found me. My nameless brother and I lay, hands clasped, on the cold earth, in the last lingering frost of mid-autumn dawn, waiting serenely. Why the false one followed me, I did not know or seek to ask, but his anger was simple, the anger of morals stirred like porridge without butter or honey, and I felt a pity as he hollered at us, that he should care of a sudden about the chastity of his loathed sister, and that it would be the end of him. My nameless brother stood, ready for what would come, and accepted the charge from the larger man, but my true brother was the stronger, and grasped his arms and held him for me, as I pulled his head back by the hair, and took the stolen kitchen knife to his neck to feed the hill. The blood was rich in the soil, melting the frost in the places where our bodies had not touched.

It is here we are home now. I have answered the call, and here it is I have been claimed.

Olwen Thrush, ONA

IRON GATES



IRON GATES

Chapter 3

The field marshal sat at the edge of the forest as a blood red sun began making its descent behind, illuminating the crest of the mountains before him to the east. Weather permitting, it would take a week for his small unit to cross over the mountains on foot and then several more days march through the foothills before reaching level ground and the base. As he watched the dying rays of the sun casting its crimson light over the wooded mountaintops the field marshal considered what would be happening back at headquarters during this time of day. Most shock troops and other organizational sectors not on duty would be engaged in evening classroom training sessions on a wide variety of topics, including the history of the land's descent into societal breakdown and nuclear war, which had reached its zenith more than seventy-five years before. As such, almost no one living, except perhaps a few isolated individuals (whom he nor anyone he knew had ever met) would remember what the world was like before that time except through books, carefully censored, which had been stored at the institutional library which was accessible, in a controlled degree, to most members of the organization over a certain security ranking.

The field marshal certainly did not remember what the world was like before the apocalypse, as he himself was born right in the midst of the blood and fire of societal anarchy several decades after the collapse. During those days in the territory in which he and his mother lived, in a land north of the organization's present headquarters, there had been considerable more diversity in the armed groups that were in operation. However, operating according to long defunct political and religious ideologies, throw-backs from the old days, coupled with a biological attunement toward obsolete methods of waging guerilla warfare, their groups were easily absorbed into, forcibly taken over or exterminated by the organization in time.

The field marshal had always admired the organization from the earliest he could remember. His mother worked as an informant against the so-called "sovereigns" who lived around the area of his birth and who spoke of the organization with fear and loathing, referring to them as communists, criminals and other epithets which made no real sense in terms of what such designations meant before the states of the world had cannibalized themselves, with mass loss of human life and permanent loss of advanced infrastructure, in a time that may as well be considered prehistory with the way things were run now.

In exchange for spying against the people in their area, many of them related to her (not that that meant so much these days - and any person with the slightest hint of organization-leaning ideology would understand clearly that familyism as it was practiced traditionally was disgusting, nothing more than a bourgeois aberration), the field marshal's late mother received ration packets, black-market liquor, edged weapons and clandestine ideological training material, all of which she received on a regular basis and all of which was carefully concealed beneath the floorboards in a small abandoned structure in the forest behind their residence.

His mother actively taught him to read at an early age and actively encouraged him to peruse the organizational pamphlets and related materials that she received. This, along with a passion for practicing with the large, serrated-edged weapon that his mother entrusted him with, seared into his consciousness the goal of becoming an enlisted member of the organization as soon as he was of age. At the time the organization

recruited at eleven years of age and above, now the age bracket had been lowered considerably and there were many children that were sent on dangerous missions as young as six, having spent their life from the cradle being trained for inflicting death, conducting espionage and exucting other sophisticated facets of political and military science according to the needs of the group.

Raising himself from the rock on the outcropping, the field marshal looked one last time toward the east before returning the way from which he had come, back toward the camp. He had finished his report ahead of schedule, allowing him brief respite and view of the mountains, rising in all the grandeur, in the the east, before sunset. At that time his escorts had still been sporting with the woman, her muffled screams of grief and horror being too much for his head to bear after filling out fifteen pages of mandatory documentation and entering more than that in electronic data, all of which was now secured in a padlocked box which he carried with him on all missions outside of the organization's territory. 'Outside of organization territory' was almost a misnomer at this point in relation to his current area, as the few inhabitants they had encountered were little more than savages, existing alone or in small packs, emotional and fragile creatures that marked them as the detritus of the fallen civilization. Detritus is trash and it was amongst the purview and job description of his commission to exterminate the trash, to sweep away the past so that the organization and it's brutal, future ethic, could take total hold without any traces of pre-apocalypse humanitarian contaminant left to mar their historic work. Like chaff, those who simply lived but did not imbibe the fuel of fanatic desire for geopolitical domination and control could, as simply as that, be blown away suddenly by the incoming, violent wind.

Back near the area where the lone mother and child had been ambushed by the field marshal and his elite guard unit earlier in the day, the level of atrocity had continued apace, managing to maintain itself steadily at an unspeakably horrific pitch, a great success considering the intensity of the inaugural actions taken on the unfortunate victims prior.

After the field marshal had left his two internal security attaches with the woman and the dying child, said attaches who had formerly worked as punishment camp guards for the organization before moving up the ranks into the prestigious position of the field marshal's personal guard, they had availed themselves and taken the blessing of their superior officer quite earnestly when they were instructed to enjoy themselves to the very hilt.

The guards came from a background much like the field marshal himself, albeit being less prodigious in the military sense as normally understood. Both had been exposed to organization ideology early during their childhood, except in their case they had been born in an area that had just recently been taken over by the commander's forces and which contained very little opposition in regards to organizational program.

In areas that were only beginning their new local identities as organizational strongholds, it was considered imperative to make organizational presence dramatically known and to commit at least ten to twelve punitive actions against real or perceived local dissent to organizational control on a regular and consistent basis. In cases where no actual dissent to organizational control existed, the shock troops and associated personnel would perform punitive raids and public criticism rallies and executions aimed against individuals who were earmarked as being potential future problems depending on their background and personal and social history within their respective communities. The investigative work leading to making the choices in this respect were executed by intelligence officers on the ground, information on potential targets being fed to local intelligence handlers by domestic human sources located throughout the area.

Without such repressive political theater as exhibited in the criticism rallies, raids and executions, any potential future dissent would be given the de facto green light to bolster their operations, incipient or active, and loyalists who supported the organization's mission would be demoralized at the lack of mechanistic and applied social brutality. Seventy some odd years since the last nuclear warhead sent the genocidal rays of its radiation sun shining gleaming death on all known continents, only a considerable amount of bloodshed, butchery and violence would manage to get the attention of the people. The populace had been effectively and realistically ruined for more subtle means of political communication.

The men who were now pulling security for the field marshal both grew up in the same territory. Although they did not interact in their youth, their shared background provided ample basis for strong solidarity in their adulthood and professional lives, especially in the hermetic atmosphere of the field marshal's personal service.

Embedded deep within their psyches lay impregnable imprints from the mandatory propaganda rallies put on by the enlisted organization forces which they had attended as children. In the organization all propaganda activities were formulated and managed exclusively by the intelligence directorate, removing the need for another separate internal branch to handle tasks such as producing literature, forming curricula and holding public events. The purpose of this conglomeration did not intimate, however, an attempt to cut corners, or bespeak any lack of acumen of order on the part of those so concerned, as propaganda was of an unequivocally vital importance to the organization's mission, particularly in the arenas of recruitment and the harvesting of human resources.

With propaganda activities being managed directly by the intelligence branch, the commander could be satisfied that those responsible for the imperative tasks of said propaganda had the full measure of military and intelligence-driven psychological warfare methodologies and advanced police coercion techniques and training at their fingertips at all times. Especially in the context of public rallies, the effaciousness of such an arrangement could be seen dramatically in stark relief on the parade grounds, as the officials orating and the hand-picked individuals from the local populace recruited by intelligence in the crowd could coordinate seamlessly amongst themselves, in concert, for mass group effect.

Aside from more specific desired results and specialized undertakings, in general, the mass rallies were designed to cultivate an attitude of hubris, total identification with the group and fanaticism for the organization's objectives and leadership in the demographics of moderate to heavy supporters and, in contrast, to inspire blood-curdling terror in those who might possess even the slightest latent seeds of rebellion in their minds. The rallies almost always followed the same formula wherever they were held and invariably began with a shock troop contingent marching through the main strip of town or along the main road if held in a strictly rural environment.

Usually a group of forty shock troops would make up the bulk of the procession, divided into ranks of five abreast. In front of this would be a section of the baby brigades as they were informally referred to in the organization, the youth corps which consisted of boys and girls from five to eleven years in age. The pontifex of the local youth corps, the organization's bizarre equivalent to class president or valedictorian, would head the parade carrying a torch made of a burning human head. The head was always that of a member of the organization itself, not an external enemy as might initially be thought. The pageantry aimed at driving home the commander's policy towards external rebels would come later on, at the end and zenith of the propaganda rally.

The tradition of parading a human head fashioned as a macabre flaming torch had began early on in the organization, back in the days during which the symptoms of overt radiation poisoning had been seen everywhere as part of the hideous direct aftermath of the worldwide nuclear conflagration. In those days and in days since, the particularly fanatical members of the group would volunteer to commit a grisly act of ritual suicide as a sign of their absolute and total commitment of individual members of the group toward the aims of the collective whole. In those days, closer in proximity to the wars, the volunteers would often be drawn from amongst those who had been adversely affected by radiation, putting the continuation their of long-term service to the organization into question for practical reasons, despite their all-out ideological elan. The esoteric reason behind the ritual suicide was as old as combat itself, being based on the practice amongst certain ancient cultures of offering a severed human head as a sacrifice to the goddess of war, death, night and destruction in exchange for the boon of achieving victory on the field of battle. The practice of turning the head into a burning symbol of martyrdom to be paraded before supporters and potential enemies alike seems to have apparently been the organization's own innovation, although many held that such a practice had been executed within certain formations similar to the organization long beforehand.

In a private ceremony, held directly before the rally and attended only by uniformed members of the group and leadership, the martyr, chosen amongst the volunteers, via secret selection by a special committee composed of ranking members amongst the shock troop and intelligence community, would perform his or her act of martyrdom in a solemn and grim rite.

Amped-up on a specially manufactured liquor laced with stimulants administered by an organization physician, the actual narcotic element based on the original methamphetamine formula as developed and utilized by the Nazis during World War II, the martyr would be led to the stage, flanked on either side by women (or men, in the case that the martyr was female), who acted as the martyr's pleasure concubines and personal attendants in the last few days time leading up to the ceremony. A large bonfire and myriad sacrificial pyres contained in large metal urns would be used to light the ghastly scene as the ritual took place.

On a plinth, beneath a large black banner bearing the insignia of the organization, laid a long and large knife of the survival combat variety with a sawing blade on one end and a compartment for holding essential supplies hidden within the handle, a quality piece crafted originally for one of the now defunct governments existing well before the nuclear wars and maintained religiously ever since. Painted black, except for along the edge, which had been sharpened to the keenness of a razor, the bleak and gory instrument lay oiled and gleaming with an evil light, a blasphemous and impersonal idol inside a cult forged within the very nuclear zenith of death.

The insignia of the organization featured a profile image of the commander, dressed in a peculiar black mask embedded with his personal crest, worn only by himself and his own elite guard unit, minutely painted upon the area centering around his third eye. Bandoliers of high gauge bullets crossed his chest, medals covered his width and knives and firearms burst from various military belts attached to his arms, belt and legs, holding sheathes and various holsters custom-made for the armed-to-the-teeth dictator of the organization and supreme authority over all the human inhabitants in areas his forces controlled. His blistering eyes, blank yet enraged simultaneously, stared forth into an even more nightmarish future than anyone could possibly dream. A motif of an enormous bat rose up from behind the leader's profile, prolonged fangs with pouring streams of blood dripping downward, anointing the image of the commander and bringing home the horrific, insane

and malicious nature of the organization and its ultimate leader.

Several members of a specially selected youth musical corps, picked from the most succulent and beautiful amongst the children, stood ground-level on either side of the stage, dressed in obscenely revealing uniforms, sounding hideous trumpets and beating strange rhythms on military-style drums. Deranged older men and women, totally destroyed physically and psychologically from that radioactive residue which still permeated its life-destroying poisons from deep within the earth, looked on with milky eyes and pathetic sexual longing upon the lithe limbs and figures of active youth in all their sublime glory.

Chapter 4

“Don’t shout or I’ll shove it straight up your ass, little bitch!”

A youngish girl with black hair arrayed in a hasty bun upon her smallish skull bucked wildly around, situated on all fours, her pert and youthful buttocks rotating round in a primitive rutting gesture as the lieutenant rammed his cock into her slick genitalia in measured and energetic strokes. At the lieutenant’s admonishment, her animalistic grunting tapered into a low, sick hissing sound, not unlike that of an enraged cobra ready to strike.

The lieutenant was attending of the conferences put on by the elite political figures within the organization, held on a secret base consisting of a vast number of corrugated steel building linked together by corridors, containing various meeting halls, residential rooms and offices, the second of which the lieutenant and the daughter of a high-ranking organization military figure now inhabited.

The site of their cohabitation in mutual lust was adorned with all the basic amenities befitting visiting organizational liaison members from abroad. A chest-of-drawers, a bed of variant size depending on what was available and some tables and chairs outfitted a medium-sized room lit by pressurized oil-lamps of the variety that were utilized by the old-order Amish during the era before the wars.

Small, bee-sting tits bobbed chaotically as the lieutenant bore into his night’s lover with schizophrenic abandon. His eyes lolled back into his head wildly as spittle dribbled down his handlebar mustache, pooling on the female’s upturned buttocks and then streaming in pools upon the dirty desert-tan sheets equipping the dilapidated mattress upon which they now performed their conjugal pastimes.

The lieutenant’s flesh was marred with various wounds, inflicted by the enemy and self-inflicted both, bearing testament to the atrocious mental state that the lieutenant, one of the top brass within the organization, wore with an inflated and unapologetic ego. In an group in which insanity was a mark of distinguish, the lieutenant was by anyone’s account extremely distinguished.

Along with the tell-tale signs of lacerations from razors, combat knives and other edged tools of similar intended purpose, the lieutenant’s sadistic-looking frame also carried scars from several gunshot wounds, many years old. Surviving gunshot wounds in the era post the wars was extremely rare, as medicine in general was on the decline and those who were educated in the questionable medical training centers run by the organization had much different priorities than physicians of the former era. Manufacture of stimulants used to

increase propensity for violence and battlefield stamina over long periods of time without sleep, truth serums for interrogations and experimental chemical and biological weapons and the methods of their application were the top priority for anyone with medical training or scientific know-how.

Hidden deep within the monolithic complex of steel buildings with no external windows, the residential areas for visiting brass were infamous for being stale and airless. This made the exertions of the lieutenant's intercourse even more pronounced as evidenced by the fact that both he and the girl were drenched in sweat.

The lieutenant massaged the girl's buttocks, moistened with perspiration and his own saliva, which fell from his mouth involuntarily in grotesque rivulets as he took in the beauty of her pale, flawless skin in counterpose to her night-black hair. Now looking straight forward toward the headboard, the girl's ocean-blue eyes stared from deep rings of black, fashioned with homemade eyeshadow made from soot and the fat of wild swine, obtained from her kitchen at home. Her father, an official in the clandestine armaments business, was an ample sportsman and wild boar still proliferated, having strong constitutions and proving highly adaptable to post-nuclear environs, flourishing as the earth began to naturally reforest itself, providing ample ideal habitats for the tusked beasts.

The girl turned her head, looking backward toward the lieutenant and drawing his attention however briefly away from the upturned curvatures of her delicious derriere, exposed in full swell as he continued to thrust into her moist vagina. She looked at him with a petulant pout, extending her bottom lip and widening her eyes in feigned innocence.

"I don't think you will, lieutenant - all threat!"

"All threat then? We'll see about that!"

The lieutenant's eyes also widened, not in feigned innocence but in increasing amazement at just how turned on she was making him. She was pushing all the right buttons. They had been fucking since the second night of the conference and now, four days in, this was the next to the last night before the delegates returned to their various assignments elsewhere in the sprawling southern territories now controlled by the organization. The lieutenant slowly inserted one moistened finger into the girl's arse, sliding it back and forth, widening it ever-so-slightly for the coming sodomy. The girl cooed in delight and her face began to tremble in perverse premeditation of what was to come. Not that this move on behalf of the lieutenant came as any surprise. Manufactured contraceptives no longer existed, all manufacturing being strictly based around military need, not consumer desire. Enlisted personell and non-military members of the populace were all encouraged to apply more creative ways of preventing unplanned pregnancies. The lieutenant continued to massage and then removed his stiff member from her slit, inserting it between her buttocks. The girl, now fully in the swing of things, let loose with a snarl of excitement as they finished each other off in grecian courtesan fashion.

Afterwards they dressed and checked the time, which informed them that it was now late enough in the night that most of the after-session functions for the attending personell were already well past, unless they wanted to drink rot-gut with varied drill masters and specialized intelligence personell around burning barrels of refuse in the open-air courtyard at the center of the compound. As they had already enjoyed themselves considerably tonight as it were, they decided that they would pass on seeking out other companionship and instead enjoy their next to last night together and alone with one

another in the confines of their room. The lieutenant had a bottle of liquor that was much better than rot-gut the lower ranks would be drinking and some cigars that had been given to him after a military campaign near the coastal regions and he intended to enjoy them with a beautiful girl, not out amidst the rabble. This girl in particular was a treat and a lesson in contrast, he could associate with shock troops and spooks from internal security anytime and usually, due to the rigours of his profession, the association was more frequent than he might desire.

The couple now sat at one of the low tables in the corner of the room, studying each other's faces as the lieutenant poured a portion each of the harsh smelling brown liquid into metal tumblers, passing one to her along with a anise-scented cheroot, part of a stockpile of the same that had been given to him by one of his subordinates during the campaign in the east after his man had found them, naturally humidified in a dank cellar, in the home of one of the many family's that he had butchered, exterminating to a person as per organizational edict in relation to persons inhabiting that particular region. The girl, now dressed in her tailored black uniform, lit a punk on one of the gaslights and began taking long draws, causing the burning ember at the end of the cigar to pulsate and sending large billows of white smoke circling round her face.

"Are you going back to headquarters after you finish here lieutenant?"

Even with their previous activities withstanding, a pronounced degree of formality recommenced once the sex was over. The lieutenant, although technically lower in rank than some of his peers, was undisputably one of the commander's favorites. The lower rank was a technicality, part of the political games that sometimes reared their heads within the organization, making the lieutenant a target from some sectors due to his undisguised psychosis and inability to play well with others as the case may be. Be as it may, ninety-nine percent of the group brass would give the lieutenant a wide-berth under any circumstances. His violence and insanity were mirrors of the commander's own violence and insanity, a similarity that had been well noted by the commander. Within the organization making an offense against one of the commander's favorites was tantamount to making personal offense at the worshipful feet of the commander himself, an act considered by no one except those lusting for a slow and painful death. Those who had been so foolhardy to do the latter often did so unknowingly and after so failing, in a military world dictated by a highly sophisticated but unwritten etiquette, they were quickly dispatched, disappearing into the hells of the internal security department forthwith, often never even understanding for what reason they had been ruined. For the girl, cohabitation with the lieutenant was not only quite pleasurable, it was an honor, and, particularly for a career-minded organizational operative such as herself, it was a potential gateway to better things - or worse - depending on one's perspective. She considered herself innately psychotic and lusted for a partner with whom she could thrive in a bleak world based on ever-dangerous games of one-upmanship amongst competing rabid beasts with the countenances of humans.

"Not this time, Nadezhda."

Nadezhda thrilled inside, as this was the first time he had called her by her given name. As far as the Nadezhda was concerned, she knew better than to ask him his. No one knew the name of the lieutenant and no one ever asked he was as ever simply known as the lieutenant, a practice of anonymity that was applied amongst the most sensitive of personell in referring to them only by rank, even within internal organizational documents. There were various rumors within the organization concerning this practice as it was applied to the lieutenant specifically and also as to why he had not been promoted to a

higher outward ranking. Some say that when he originally received the rank of lieutenant that he went berserk and assassinated several men in his unit, not because of any rationally understood enmity existant between them but rather as a violent and fratricidal celebration of his moving up in rank, his joy - their sorrow. Those who were more in the know concerning the events surrounding the incident believed that the commander himself was directly responsible for the lieutenants promotion and sent a personal secret message via a headquarters-based courier informing him of the names of several individuals within his unit whose immediate executions were personally commissioned, along with detailed instructions of how and where to perform the deed. The opportunity of committing further and unusual bloodshed was the commander's personal award to the lieutenant on the occasion of his promotion and the fact that the orders had been personally issued assured an ever-spiralling level of elation in the lieutenant in the ferocity and detail with which he went about his orders. With that act, enemies of the commander had been executed as needed, the lieutenant had been forever cemented as a loyalist and, due to the obscurity surrounding the incident, a legend was born concerning the lieutenant's excesses.

Nadezhda nodded her head in assent, pulling a rough slug from her tumbler and taking a deep draw on her cheroot. She knew better than to ask for any details without their being proffered. If he was about to go to the field on a mission it was not her business to know. Secrecy was lifeblood within the organization, without the importance of secrecy remaining heavy in circulation, the organization would collapse. That had been the fate of the less brutal, less malevolent post-nuclear war paramilitary outfits that had risen in spats during and after the nuclear winter. As always it was old ideas, outmoded thinking and a tendency to look back upon a perceived golden age of "ethics" that spelled the demise of such groups. The laws of survival were not dependent on how well one cultivated an atmosphere of civility amongst chaos and as far as members of the organization were concerned, civility within chaos was an abberation and an impossibility, well worthy of being smashed with extreme prejudice. What the people really lusted for was order and there was no better order than dictatorship, which was exactly what the organization offered.

Nadezhda had grown up firmly in the bosom of the organization and had even been dedicated as a child by the commander himself, although she was too young to remember it, back in the days when the commander would be seen more frequently amidst the higher brass and unlike the present, in which he was wrapped in almost complete obscurity. Nadezhda's father was a particular prize within the organization to this day and especially in the years in which the organization was undergoing it's formative stages of consolidating their power and authority. His father, her grandfather, had been a professional gunsmith and amateur lathe operator before the wars, his choice in profession no doubt testament to the fact that he could see the writing on the wall as the geopolitical scene wratcheded up towards the boiling point which caused nuclear death to reign down, obliterating untold numbers of the earth's inhabitants. His skills had been passed down to his son at an early age and Nadezhda's father had proved to be a prodigy in the realm of the manufacture and maintenance of a wide variety of small arms. Coming from an area of the land known in former times as the foundry due to it's proliferation of industry, Nadezhda's father had migrated south and away from the large metropolitan areas in the hideous nearly several decade period of nuclear winter, but not before pilfering a significant amount of equipment from government facilities on his trek down through northern Virginia, famous for it's military installations and bred-in-the-bone gun culture.

Once into the deep south he linked up with the organization, who readily rolled out the red carpet for someone of his considerable mechanical skill and know-how, not to mention the fact that he had arrived in the southernly clime with both ample supplies of armaments

manufacturing equipment as well as a considerable personal arsenal, which he gladly donated to the organization in exchange for assurance of lifelong security and occupation in the furtherance of their mission. Supplied with a decent residential living situation for himself and his daughter, his wife having died of radiation exposure soon after the child's birth on the journey south, the armaments officer settled down near organization headquarters, equipped with a full staff and a facility to work with, and set about the business of manufacturing the sought-after instruments of death that were essential to maintaining current organizational territories and expanding those territories into uncharted areas where life was said to be even more unpredictable and fraught with danger.

Some of Nadezdha's earliest memories were of learning to read in the large glass cubicle formerly utilized as a guardshack in the abandoned cannery that now served as the organization's main armaments factory, located deep in the woods a few miles southwest of headquarters, the location which was guarded heavily both by contingents of shock troops, surveillance teams and via secrecy of the location itself. Once refurbished as a weapons facility, the quaint dimensions of the interior guardshack inside the building itself seemed almost comical in comparison to the machine-gun toting black-masked nightmares who roamed the roof, perimeter and surrounding areas at all hours, thus Nadezdha's was bequeathed with this daytime residence so that her father could keep closer supervision on her, easily seen through the plexiglass, while he roamed through the large hangar, trouble-shooting and advising the workers in the finer points of firearm craftsmanship.

The lieutenant smoked his cigar, inhaling deeply and exhaling through his nostrils in great stream of smoke that made him resemble some fire-breathing beast as Nadezdha studied him from across the table. She had been attracted to the lieutenant since an early age, having heard about his various exploits while associating with her school mates in the youth corps academy. Various of the girls would stand around the foyers of the administrative officers, featuring large poster renderings of the various military commandants and officials who had received medals and various other honorifics due to the severity of their repression of opposition on the battlefield. While her mates had favored the field marshal almost to a person, she had always favored the lieutenant. Whereas the field marshal appealed to the youths as a sadistic yet somehow grandfatherly figure, the lieutenant was all punishment all the time, unpredictable, priveleged within the framework of the commander's favor and always horrific in execution. This fondness for extremes put her in good standing with various of the more brutal elements in the academy, including many of the boys, who she wiled away hours with practicing ambush maneuvers and interrogation techniques long after the mandatory day's training sessions were over.

Now she sat across from him, having mutually enjoyed with him in a conjugal fashion for several nights; time although speaking of very little serious matters until the present. Sitting through hours of tedious programming lectures during the day at the conference, Nadezdha, like the majority of other attendants, was mentally and physically exhausted at the end of the day. Except for those inhabiting the perpetual "situation room" (field marshals, generals and other war theatre decision-makers), whose positions mandated their continued attention long into the night, most of the other attendants sought some sort of diversion in the evening. Getting smashed on the liquor provided for the attendants, discussing events along tables of food (fresh meat hunted with firearms being a welcome delicacy, especially for those from headquarters who subsisted the majority of the time on strange substances laced with pharmaceuticals that kept them going long past the time that they would have passed out under natural circumstances) or, for the loners, holding up in their residential quarters with some propaganda magazines or simply their own dark

paranoid minds.

The lieutenant poured himself another snifter of liquor and took a deep drink while keeping his eyes evenly boring into Nadezdha's.

"So I assume you will be back at headquarters yourself soon correct?"

"That's correct lieutenant."

She was pleased with his inquiry, but did not show it, keeping the tone of her voice monotone and without inflection. She had no intention of showing her cards or any vulnerability to his attentions until she could better ascertain the situation. Having heard the tales for many years of the lieutenants split-second moves from amicability to cruelty and also well aware of his tendency for forced rape and murder of past lovers, or dropping an oblique false accusation to internal security that would, due to his rank, almost assure a sudden extraction, she wanted to keep well on his good side.

"What detail do you work in?"

"Code clerk and intelligence analysis, internal security administration."

The lieutenant took another drag from his cheroot, now burned to the end and snuffed it out on the ashtray, his mustache twitching slightly under the stress of his exhalation.

"What would you ideally like to be doing for the organization, Nadezdha?"

Now the kicker had come, a surprise for her. Her answer to this question could take several possible courses depending on his mood and his base intentions in asking the question. It could be merely small talk or even a provocation to draw her out concerning her ambitions, or it could be something else altogether. Rather than beat around the bush, Nadezdha decided to answer honestly.

"I would like to work for torture center, incarceration, at HQ internal security."

The lieutenant was impressed and pleasantly surprised at her proclivity to work in what was considered a dirty assignment even within the sadistic confines of organizational life. Internal security were pariahs in any case, although being the commander's favorite operation, and torture center, housed in a separate secure building adjunctant to the inquiry center, was the height of nastiness, the crown jewel of human rights abuse for internal subversives and high-level spies and espionage suspects. Having worked in intelligence analysis of suspect elements within her own organization however, the thought that she might want to move from shoring up investigations and expanding them through interrogation was a logical progression.

"Have you put in for a transfer?"

"I have attempted in the past, but internal security said that they rely on me for decoding and associated activities and that there are more qualified individuals lined up for posts at the torture center."

The lieutenant snorted with disgust, no doubt her higher-ups were referring to personell from the shock troop units and guards from the military concentration camps. He instantly disagreed with their decision, a femme fatale with deeply rooted ties to an armaments

background and present employment in intelligence analysis was exactly what torture center needed to add a layer of sophistication to their grisly tasks. He intended to do something about it.

“Ask and you shall receive, Nadezdha. You want the rank of Agent along with it correct?”

Nadezdha did not pause before answering.

“Special Agent in charge.”

The lieutenant showed no reaction, but Nadezdha seemed to intimate that there was the slightest hint of a smile around the corners of his mouth. She reached over the bottle and poured herself another draught, raising the cup to her lips and consuming the majority of it in one swallow. They were well on their way to getting piss-drunk and she was enjoying herself to the hilt, both the intoxication and the interesting turn of events that their post-coitus discussion had taken almost immediately.

“Well officer, I will see what I can do, in fact I will do more than that. I am surprised that you want to stay at headquarters though, most headquarters staff are ready to get out and see the rest of the world outside - see what the organization is doing in the field, perhaps take out a few enemies on the field, do a little hunting...”

The lieutenant's eyes glazed over slightly and he could feel himself begin salivating, considering both the exquisite taste of animal flesh and human flesh alike. Post the nuclear wars, meat was meat and judging on how he had seen the progression over the years, cannibalism was a trend that was going to accelerate. A fresh kill always tasted better than eating some diseased dehydrated dead on the compound, which was the extent of natural protein available at headquarters unless a person wanted to go out of their way and risk potential punitive response, that happened sometimes too.

“Have another drink, SAC.”

The lieutenant grinned discernably this time and reached into the pocket of his black jacket, removing a small wallet and taking out a personal credential card, embossed with a personal insignia and contact information of his headquarters liaison secretary at the base. The personal insignia, not a group insignia of one of the organizational subsections such as intelligence, internal security or the shock troops was a particularly significant distinction, as it marked him as not belonging specifically to any of the known sectors of the organization. Some speculated that the lieutenant was part of a secret outfit reporting directly to direct emissaries of the commander and engaged in secret work. The lieutenant's uniform bore only an organizational crest and no other markings, which could designate him as anything from construction security in armaments to interrogator in intelligence. He removed a small inkpen from the other pocket, a water-proofed variety issued to organizational personell, and wrote several lines on the back of the card before resheathing the pen and handing the card to Nadezdha.

Nadezdha took the card and turned it around. The words written on the backside of the card meant nothing to her, a string of several unrelated words followed by a set of number. Her code clerk training began to go into effect but she was not able to readily ascertain the nature of the code.

“Don't bother Nadezdha.”

The lieutenant looked at her with a bemused expression.

“You will not be able to crack that code, although feel free to give it a shot when you back to your room later. Don’t do too good with it though or they will never let you out of the code office.”

Nadezdha smiled back and put the card into her pocket. She would have to have faith in the good graces of the lieutenant, although she would most certainly attempt to decode the message before she retired for the night and most certainly before she would hand it in to anyone. The ciphers on the back of the card could just as easily be instructing that the person turning the card in should be executed or incarcerated as it could be instructions for assignment.

“Hand that card in to the internal security administration secretary, not your direct boss in internal security. Better yet, put it in the night slot that way you won’t have to deal with anyone directly. Once the person who needs to see the message gets the card then you will see that everything will work itself as it should.”

Nadezdha managed a slight smile although the paranoia concerning the potential intentions of the lieutenant bothered her. If she did get promoted to torture center, and at the extraordinarily influential post of SAC no less, without having to work her way up through the ranks in the usual fashion as a clerk, then promotion to Agent, Supervisory Special Agent, etc. then it would be a dream come true. If something else was written on the back of the card, well, she’d rather not think about it at this time. She poured herself another drink and took a long draught to steel her nerves. She was fucking the lieutenant, she was drunk on particularly potent and good quality alcohol and it looked like she may be in charge of her very own chamber of ghastliness in the modern dungeon that was the torture center. Life was good. Apparently the lieutenant was pleased with her thus far, she intended to make sure that she had some insurance on her side.

Finishing her drink and standing erect she crossed her arms over her chest, staring down at the lieutenant, his face now ruddy and flushed with intoxication, beginning to overheat in the atmosphere of the enclosed room.

The room was the lieutenant’s own room, she had been barracked in another room several corridors away and other than sleeping it had been barely lived in during her tenure at the conference, as she had been spending most of the time after meetings with the lieutenant in his own quarters, during which time she had gotten to know the lay of the land. She paced over to a chest of drawers and removed from between several uniform shirts a rolled piece of leather.

Taking it and letting it unfurl in her anorexically-small right hand, the object was seen to be a utility belt for field missions, more sturdy than what was usually worn at conferences. It was thick, black and highly polished and still smelled of the animal from which it had been made.

“Dear lieutenant, you have put alot of trust in me in this sudden promotion, I am glad that we are making a strong mutual impression on one another. I think maybe you should give me a forewarning about how life is like in the torture center. Coming in at your recommendation, I want to make sure that you have full confidence that you are sending in a well-disciplined human resource.”

Nadezdha walked to where the lieutenant still sat and placed the belt on the table in front

of him, before slinking down onto her knees and beginning to gnaw on the lieutenant's arm. The lieutenant shook her off, knocking her to the ground in surprise, before taking the last draught of the liquor from his cup. He stood, inadvertently knocking the chair over as he grabbed the leather belt, coiling the end around one hand and smacking the thick leather onto his other hand.

“Bend over the bed, my little pet, so I can see what exactly you are made of.”

Nadezdha complied immediately.

Tempel ov Blood, 2010

WHAT IS THE STRUCTURE?

I have been sent the following. I was impressed, she came so close to understanding, closer than anyone else. You need to know. More to follow, provided the pain stops. Golgotha.

Causality is a finite resource.

We continue to operate under the delusion that we are special, that because our tiny corner of this universe isn't completely inimical to life, that reality should continue to allow us to exist. That we are entitled to something other than oblivion or aeons of unfathomable pain and terror.

We are wrong. We are wrong about so many things. We stand in a tiny circle of candlelight, surrounded by a vast, hostile darkness, and the candle is burning low. If you understood what horrors you waded through every single day, you wouldn't be able to wake up without screaming until you were coughing blood.

There are so many things that we have got wrong.

For example, humanity is vastly older than we realise. We have lost knowledge that makes Alexandria, Baghdad and Babylon seem a tiny misunderstanding.

Causality is a mathematical anomaly, a rogue term in an equation that always spits out a negative answer.

Those that came before us grew to understand what reality really was, and fought against it. They built a vast machine, a Causality Well. To begin with, it mined cause and provenance from empty, unused parts of this universe but soon that wasn't enough. They began to stockpile it, their growing awe at their own achievements leading them to believe that they could become like Gods, if only they strove hard enough. Soon, this universe ran dry and they began to probe other branes, other realities in the infinite, extra-dimensional sea that is the Multiverse.

That's when it came out of the endless darkness.

It destroyed them before they could even begin to understand what it was. Attracted by the vast energies and the huge streams of raw causality being moved across unimaginable barriers, it struck.

Thought turned to ash; places became corrupted, wrong things; love and hope became twisted machines of bile and blood.

But the Causality Well was something incredible, the apex of a vast and powerful

civilisation. It was able to contain that peril, to lock it away in the quantum equivalent of the cupboard under the stairs. It would be dealt with in time, and meanwhile the store of causality was vast enough to maintain.

But the damage had been done, and that ancient and powerful civilisation crumbled to nothing but dust and whispers. We are completely ignorant of our only inheritance, of the machines that support our fragile reality. And those machines are dying.

We stand in a tiny circle of candlelight, surrounded by a vast, hostile darkness, and the candle is burning low.





